The Tide of Business—*an Editorial*

THE *Nation*

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July 23, 1949

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BY LAWRENCE C. GOLDSMITH

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

THE DRASTIC AND UNANIMOUS STAND OF the National Education Association against permitting Communists to teach in the country's schools was countered last week in a declaration by a committee of the American Association of University Professors that affiliation with the Communist Party did not in itself justify "exclusion from the academic profession." The decision supporting the right of Communists to teach reaffirms the stand taken by the A. A. U. P. in previous years and was based on a new study of academic freedom cases. The report qualified its position by arguing that if a teacher had been shown to have urged the overthrow of the government, used his classroom as a forum for communism, or "if his thinking should . . . be so uncritical as to evidence professional unfitness," then he should lose his job for these faults "and not because he was a Communist." This doctrine seems to us sound. To oust a teacher because of political belief or affiliation is to infringe the rules of democratic procedure. To keep a teacher who used his platform as a soapbox is to lower academic standards. The whole question will soon be discussed in *The Nation* by Harold J. Laski who experienced current university practices and attitudes during his recent lecture trip for the Hillman Foundation.

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LAST WEEK DEMONSTRATED THAT NEITHER Washington weather nor Congressional hot air have wilted the President's crisp views on several controversial topics. First, he voiced the opinion that the threat of a steel strike in itself created no national emergency which would warrant invoking the Taft-Hartley law, in spite of the contrary position taken by the heads of Big Steel. Second, he called Judge Samuel H. Kaufman a good judge and said he thought it a poor idea to discredit the courts—a sidelong reference to the criticisms expressed by various members of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Third, he flatly opposed the McCarran Amendment to the Foreign-Aid bill earmarking $50,000,000 for loans to Franco. Mr. Truman said the United States does not have friendly relations with the present Madrid government. These forthright comments were in pleasant contrast to most of the murky talk going on in Washington. Especially gratifying was Mr. Truman's flat rejection of this latest attempt to slip Franco under the American-aid tent. For it came at a particularly opportune moment.

*

SIGNS CONTINUE TO MULTIPLY THAT conditions inside Spain are worsening too rapidly for financial salvage operations to have any chance of success. So serious is the country's economic plight that Franco is rumored to be planning a thorough-going shake-up of the regime and the introduction of various measures aimed at overcoming Washington's reluctance to finance his survival. But a recent development, so far unreported in the press, shows how profound the changes would have to be to check the country's progress toward chaos. For the first time in thirteen years Franco is confronted with a crisis inside the Falange arising not out of rivalry or differences over tactics but out of concern for the regime itself. Early this month the Council of Provincial Leaders of the Falange, meeting in Madrid, reported a state of general collapse and an alarming disaffection and misery in each province. It called for fundamental administrative reforms together with a drastic change in the policy of food distribution. The pronouncement has produced extreme tension between the Cabinet and the Falange and between the Falange and the army. And it has demonstrated how far the process of disintegration has gone in recent months. To press $50,000,000 into Franco' hand would be not only politically reckless and irresponsible; in practical terms it would be nonsensical. We are glad Mr. Truman said so as directly as he did.

*

THE COUNTRY IS TO BE CONGRATULATED that "big steel" by a last-minute acceptance of the President's mediation prevented a strike, at least for sixty days. It is hard to see why any employer could have refused the offer, if he had the least consideration for the public interest. Delay while a panel of men skilled in labor relations investigates and reports, with no obligation on either side to accept its recommendations, could hardly be fairer, and is an application of the very "cooling-off period" which management's spokesmen have urged, in season and out. The fact that the union accepted the proposal indicates that its leaders were not eager to force a stoppage of production if it could be

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prevented. The reason first alleged for rejection by United States Steel sounds entirely too much like an effort to put both labor and the President in a hole. Both had condemned and sought the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act; big steel seemed to be hoping that the President would be forced by a serious strike to apply its provisions, including the hated injunction, against labor. Voluntary mediation would be an escape from such a dilemma. We do not want the board suggested by the President, said Mr. Fairless of U. S. Steel; we want a board appointed by him under the Taft-Hartley Act. This was equivalent to saying, let the strike be called, enjoin the union, and then have your cooling-off period and appoint your board. The argument that a Taft-Hartley Board would not be empowered to make recommendations was too thin. Why should a mediation board not be empowered to make recommendations? Because it would be likely to urge concessions by the employers? Did the big three finally back down because they came to understand the transparent weakness of their position, or because so many competitors were willing to go on making steel?

*

THE SECOND ACT IN THE DRAMATIC struggle between Rome and the Communist parties of Eastern Europe has opened with tremendous salvos from both sides. A sweeping decree issued by the Holy Office has excommunicated all Catholics who knowingly remain in any Communist party or support Communist doctrine in any form or even read the Party press. The Czech Minister of Justice has replied with a declaration that anyone who carries out the Vatican's order commits treason against "the vital principles of his own state;" there will be no quarter, and what has happened in the Czechoslovak sector will spread to other parts of the front. Clearly the Roman Catholic church regards this battle as the payoff; it is dragging up its heaviest artillery and spending its most deadly ammunition. By these tactics the Vatican has ruled out the chance of an armistice with the Communist authorities in Prague and increased the likelihood of a schism in Catholic ranks. It has also created a painful dilemma for its followers in other countries where the issue has not been so sharply joined and where many Catholics, including some priests, have been cooperating in various kinds of activity with Communist-controlled trade unions and other organizations and had even been members of the party, anomalous as such dual allegiance may be.

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GETTING "THE HOGAN TREATMENT" IS A fresh description of an old political custom formerly known as the double-cross or stab-in-the-back. The new phrase describes what happened to Manhattan's District Attorney Frank Hogan at the hands of Mayor William

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O'Dwyer. New York City's 1949 mayoralty campaign began last May when O'Dwyer said he was not a candidate for reelection. Soon, however, his City Hall aides and several of his friends started a draft movement. All this is traditional procedure when a candidate wants to hear the "people's call" to which he "must yield." But then His Honor summoned the would-be drafters to a public meeting and told them he could not run for "health and other reasons." A number of men announced their availability and O'Dwyer had kind words for each. Then "the Hogan treatment" started. O'Dwyer assured the able but anti-New Deal prosecutor of his support and promised to line up the votes necessary to secure the nomination. As the Democratic bosses met to name Hogan, O'Dwyer was again asked if he were a candidate. "I have said no, I meant no, and I still mean no," he replied. Hogan was designated. Within twenty-four hours O'Dwyer turned on the party bosses with whom he was working, said he would have to fight Hogan in a primary, and finally announced his desire for the nomination. Hogan, bitterly disappointed, was out in the cold. The old Fusion group, headed by Samuel Seabury, succeeded in inducing the Republicans to join in alliance with the Liberal Party and independents; Newbold Morris, a liberal Republican and LaGuardia protégé, heads this ticket. New York City will have a three-way race, for Representative Vito Marcantonio's American Labor Party will not support O'Dwyer in this election. Nor will it join Fusion. Although the odds are with the Democrats, there is still a chance that the rebellion against bossism which unseated Frank Hague will spread eastward across the Hudson.

✶

LAST APRIL *THE NATION* EXPOSED AN attempt by Congress to deprive the Indians of social-security benefits through a seemingly innocuous rider to an appropriations bill. An aroused public opinion defeated this scheme, and last month Indians eligible for benefits—the aged, the blind, and dependent children—received their first checks from the Social Security Administration. Now another rider to another appropriations bill is trying to place the Navajo and Hopi Pueblos under state laws and the jurisdiction of state courts. This would, by implication, remove federal protection, and would lay the groundwork for the end of tribal life. Former Commissioner of Indian Affairs John Collier has said that the present bill is worse by far than any similar measure proposed during the past twenty-five years. It would destroy tribal integrity, and in the past this has been the prelude to the spoliation of tribal properties. Section 9, which contains the provision so inimical to Indian rights, was struck from the Senate version, but the House approved it, largely owing to the efforts of Representative Fernandez of New Mexico. The bill is now in conference, and readers can still prevent its passage if sufficient numbers wire their Congressmen not to vote for H. R. 5208 in its present form.

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BIT BY BIT, IF OFTEN GRUDGINGLY, THE pattern of white supremacy in the South is breaking up, subjected, as it is, to the erosions of the law of the land and of public opinion. The latest evidence of this process was given last week in the Supreme Court of the state of Georgia, which ordered a new trial in the case of a Negro who was convicted by an all-white Early County jury of pointing a pistol at one of his neighbors. In an opinion which reads almost as if it had been written over the dead bodies of several of his colleagues Judge William Y. Atkinson ruled that the doctrine of the United States Supreme Court must be followed. His words are worth recording:

> Whatever may be the opinion of members of this court as to the correctness, soundness, or wisdom of these [Supreme Court] decisions, it becomes our duty to yield thereto. . . . This being a government by law and not by men, jury commissioners in their official conduct are bound by the foregoing rulings. . . notwithstanding any personal opinions, hereditary instincts, natural impulses, or geographical conditions to the contrary.

✶

IT IS NOT OUR FASHION TO PAY MUCH attention to commemorative "days" and "weeks," but we think there is reason to celebrate "World Health Day," Friday, July 22. The second United Nations World Health Assembly came to a close on June 2, in Rome, after three weeks devoted to the two hundred items on the agenda. While there were numerous sharp disagreements, most of them stemming from the cold war, the total record of accomplishment was impressive. The Assembly voted to try to raise health levels, especially in undeveloped areas; to concentrate on fighting disease in certain particularly vulnerable regions; to develop, in conjunction with the U. N. Food and Agriculture Organization, 10,000,000 acres of farm land now underworked in six disease-ridden zones; to allot $942,000—as contrasted with the present $28,365—for research in mental health; and to conduct dozens of other invaluable projects. The fulfilment of these plans depends on how firmly the member nations continue to support the World Health Organization. One of the less heartening developments of the conference was the effort of almost all nations, not least the United States, to reduce their financial contributions. We carried 38 per cent of the cost last year and wish to cut it to no more than 25 per cent. Russia, which has been in the organization longer, has yet to pay any assessment. But world health transcends the cold war, and a good pledge for

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World Health Day would be continued support for the W. H. O.

ON JANUARY 22 of this year *The Nation* printed a French intelligence report which charged that Arab armies were recruiting Nazi war prisoners with the help of the British. The report was immediately and vehemently denied by all the parties named. The British termed it Soviet propaganda. The French said no such report had been issued by their secret service. The Egyptian ambassador to the United States swore that no German personnel had ever been associated with an Arab army. Tucked away, however, in the New York *Times* of July 15, is this U. P. dispatch from Frankfurt.

> High-ranking former German staff officers said today that at least 100,000 former Nazi soldiers and officers of Hitler's legions were now fighting with foreign armies. Many of Hitler's one-time top military leaders and about 100,000 of his diehard troops are serving with units in Russia, Egypt, French North Africa, Indonesia, and various Arab nations. Thousands of them have been thrown into battle—especially in Indo-China—and hundreds of them have died.

This dispatch is not conclusive, but it certainly lends corroboration to the documents published by *The Nation* more than six months ago.

The Tide of Business

THE message of the mid-year economic report of the President is, in a word, that while the recession is not likely to be serious and may end soon, it could land us in a slough of despair. What happens will depend on what we do—"we" being government, business, labor, farmers. We had better adopt now the policies required to prevent it from becoming serious, and also be prepared to take more drastic measures if it does.

In order to assess the President's recommendations, one should understand the basis on which they rest—the factual analysis of the situation made by his Council of Economic Advisers. The council may be wrong, but its conclusions are not mere opinions, since they are the result of a remarkable synthesis of the wealth of statistical material available to the government.

These statistics indicate that the recession began because, in industry after industry, production caught up with the demand of consumers—at the inflationary prices charged. Stocks of unsold goods began to pile up, and prices began to slide. Wary businessmen at once began to order less; this cut production and employment.

The figures clearly show that the recession is so far largely a matter of reduced business investment, and that the reduction of investment has taken place almost entirely in business inventories. Comparing the second half of 1948, which includes the peak of the boom, with the first half of 1949, we find that investment shrank about $6 billion. Consumers' expenditures for goods and services fell somewhat less than $5 billion, and this was probably accounted for more by lower prices paid than by smaller quantities bought. Consumers' prices have gone down about 3 per cent, the dollars they have spent about 2.5 per cent.

Net foreign sales have increased slightly. Government's excess of receipts over expenditures was $3 billion in the last half of 1948; this was followed by an excess of expenditures over receipts of $2.4 billion in the first half of 1949. Government has thus made a shift of $5.4 billion to bolster the national income—but not enough to offset the decline of investment.

There has been little reduction in business investment in plant and equipment, and the investment plans for the rest of the year look bright. The number of new houses started was falling during most of 1948; now it is rising again, and in June was higher than in the same month of last year. Inventories have been so reduced in some lines that orders may start up again. These are the main divisions of business investment. Therefore there is hope of an upturn in the near future. This hope is strengthened by the facts that business has ample liquid assets and that plenty of bank credit is available. Though people in the lower-income brackets have been spending their savings, consumers as a whole still have large sums in reserve that they can use if they wish, and their total income has not yet suffered much from unemployment.

The chief danger is that the industries which can control the prices of what they sell will try to keep them up by shutting off production. This would add to unemployment and reduce consumers' purchasing power. At the same time it would reduce demand for what these industries buy, perhaps start a marked downward slide of prices of raw materials, and so induce a postponement of the replenishment of stocks. Pessimism could ensue, followed by general demoralization.

The recommendations of the President and the council are designed to enable consumers to buy more and more instead of less and less. We should be adding to production and consumption as the labor force grows and technical progress advances. A mere return to the output of 1948 is not enough.

Consumer incomes should be bolstered at the lower levels, and the prices of goods bought by low-income consumers allowed to fall enough to clear the markets, even at the cost of somewhat lower profit margins. Total profits may increase because of larger volume of sales and so induce continued investment.

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Higher minimum wages, extended unemployment benefits, more adequate old-age pensions and broader coverage of all social insurance, more public works and housing—all these measures will add to the incomes of consumers. At the same time the removal of some excise taxes will reduce the cost of things they buy. The budget deficit which already exists will thus be increased unless revival comes and boosts tax receipts again, but a deficit is exactly what is needed as an anti-depression measure. The government should be prepared with a larger program of construction if the need arises.

If those who have powers of decision in private sectors of the economy cooperate with the program, there will be no danger. Business, instead of restricting output, can go on expanding production by charging prices that consumers will pay. It can gain, and distribute, the benefits of improved efficiency. It should refrain from reducing wages. Labor should have higher real wages as productivity advances, but it must not make extravagant demands—demands which would push prices up or make costly strikes inevitable. Farmers, like business men, can use their savings for new and better equipment in anticipation of larger markets in the future; this will in itself help to bring expansion. A long-term program of steady growth, sustained by appropriate government action, is technically possible. What might prevent it are the panicky acts of those men, in Congress and in business, who are so frightened by the end of inflation that they want to make drastic reduction in spending—and thus reduce the national income.

Glass House Economics

NOT content with one cold war, the *Wall Street Journal* seems anxious to promote another. In an editorial on July 13, the climax of a regular propaganda barrage, this newspaper declared categorically that there is no "common meeting ground" between a British economy "organized on totalitarian lines" (*sic*) and an American one "organized for the purpose of the utmost freedom in the exchange of goods." Of course, socialism in Britain "would be Britain's business, if it stopped there." But "it does not stop. As a large trading nation, Britain must attempt to create other economies in the image of its own." More particularly, the British system is becoming a threat to the American system because Britain, unable to sell enough of its goods here, is making bilateral deals with other countries and encouraging them to discriminate against American products. "Under such circumstances," thunders the *Wall Street Journal*, "... not only should help be withdrawn, but it should be made clear to the world that the United States disapproves of the policies and methods which Britain pursues *and will do its best to check them*" (our italics).

What sanctions—economic, political, or military—should be employed to accomplish this end the *Wall Street Journal* does not specify. But it evidently believes it is the duty of the United States government to present an ultimatum to London demanding an end of Socialist experiments, or else—. We can think of no better way of consolidating the position of the Labor Party than such

London *Evening Standard*

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a challenge. It would mean a demand that the sovereign British people surrender to the United States the right to decide under what economic system they shall live and what means they shall adopt to obtain that minimum of imports without which they must starve.

Moreover a challenge in this form would be vigorously resisted by all British parties. Except for nationalization, the Tories are fully committed to most of the Labor government's policies that the *Wall Street Journal* regards as "socialistic"—comprehensive social security, full employment, and a considerable degree of economic planning. True, were they able to win a Parliamentary majority, they might be glad enough to modify their program in response to American pressure. But when it comes to trade policy, the Tories are farther from American views than is the Labor government, which regards bilateralism as an unfortunate expedient forced on it by a truly desperate situation. A recent policy statement declared that the Conservative Party had "never supported any decisions taken at Geneva, Havana, or elsewhere inimical to imperial preference" and proposed to foster intra-empire trade by the use of quotas, guaranteed markets at agreed prices, and similar measures.

It is sheer nonsense, therefore, to equate socialism in Britain with the growth of discriminatory bilateral trading methods. Practically every country in the world has resorted to such methods, including the United States, which has not been driven to do so by any difficulties with its balance of payments. And the situation will grow worse until this country is prepared either to buy as much from abroad as it sells or to cover a "favorable" balance by a regular and large-scale program of foreign investment.

Science Notebook

BY LEONARD ENGEL

IN DEFENDING the Atomic Energy Commission from the cave men of Capitol Hill, one unavoidably glosses over the commission's many real shortcomings. Among the most serious are some of its policies in the area of security clearance—the clearance of employees for access to secret material, which is quite different from the loyalty investigation undergone by all federal employees or the loyalty oath now required of A. E. C. fellowship holders. Its extremely narrow and stringent requirements for security clearance press particularly upon scientists. Some of the A. E. C.'s objectionable practices in this matter are brought out in a report by the Scientists' Committee on Loyalty Problems, published recently in *Science*.

The Atomic Energy Commision has set up elaborate machinery to safeguard employees against arbitrary denial of security clearance and loss of jobs. It has provided local hearing boards and an appeal board, both semi-autonomous, and has published the criteria by which eligibility for clearance is determined. Sometimes it even takes the unusual step of allowing employees to confront their accusers. This machinery, however, is for employees only. Applicants for jobs who may be turned down on security grounds have no right of hearing or appeal. The Committee on Loyalty Problems and its parent organization, the Federation of American Scientists, as well as other scientific bodies, have vainly urged the A. E. C. to change its policy for over a year.

What makes the matter worse is the fact that the commission's relatively enlightened rules are not always followed by local officials. The rules, for example, distinguish clearly between clearance for access to secret material and clearance for non-secret research at "open" laboratories like Brookhaven. In practice individuals denied the former are very seldom granted the latter. W. A. Higinbotham, associate chairman of the Scientists' Committee, says that the inability of local A. E. C. officials to distinguish between the two types of clearance has cost the government the services of over a hundred able scientists whom there was no reason to bar from non-secret work and whom the commission badly needed.

According to the Scientists' Committee report, security clearance now affects half of all American scientists in fields like physics, and a growing proportion in other branches of science. Besides the A. E. C., the army, the navy, and the air force require security clearance for most of their scientific personnel. The government also demands it for many of the larger number of scientists with private firms and universities holding contracts with the military establishment or the A. E. C. In addition, various industrial and university laboratories with military or A. E. C. contracts require security clearance, as a matter of "administrative convenience," of *all* employees, whether or not they are engaged on secret or government work at all. I reported on this pernicious practice by General Electric and other industrial laboratories in *The Nation* a year and a half ago. It has now spread to the campus: several departments at the University of California, which also demands a loyalty oath of faculty members, make security clearance a requirement for everybody, regardless of the nature or sponsorship of his work.

The army and the air force have hearing and appeal machinery, but the navy still has no arrangements for allowing an accused employee to state his case. The navy, however, participates in the Personnel Security Board which passes on the employees of military contractors, and in the curious Industrial Employment Review Board, one of the closest approaches to a secret military court yet seen in America. This Review Board is composed mainly

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of military men. Its hearings are classified secret, and neither the defendant nor his counsel may make notes. No information has ever been given out on the number of cases it has heard or their outcome. In one case of which I know, a respected engineer employed by an affiliate of a great university was ruled ineligible for access to secret or top-secret material on the sole charge that he had supported Wallace in the last election.

Finland—Unwilling Satellite

BY LISA SERGIO

ONE fact becomes clear about Finland, almost within hours, to one who visits the country with the honest intention of learning the truth: Finland is not behind the iron curtain. A great disservice is rendered to the Finns by those who describe them as Communists and their country either as the willing satellite or the anguished slave of the U S. S. R. Indeed, Finland is not behind the iron curtain precisely because of the firm and realistic behavior of its people, who did not permit an almost hopeless situation to throw them into a state of mental and economic confusion in which communism would inevitably have prospered.

When Finland signed the armistice with the U. S. S. R. in September, 1944, there was hardly an adult in the nation who did not expect his country to be taken over, lock, stock, and barrel. But the Finns buckled down to the tough conditions of the armistice, quietly informing the Soviets, through the proper diplomatic channels, that while they would carry out its terms to the full they would fight any demands not included in it. The Russians decided to let things ride, presumably counting on the strength of the Finnish Communist Party to support their policy.

The first post-war election, in the summer of 1945, sent 48 Communists to a Diet of 200 deputies, the largest single-party bloc. The Communists were able to win such a victory, first, because they did not campaign as Communists but called themselves the Democratic People's Party, and second because their platform contained mild economic reforms and strong patriotic appeals which were neither counterbalanced nor challenged by their opponents. The other parties, still afraid of a Soviet *Anschluss*, failed to produce a clear-cut program or conduct a convincing campaign.

In the first post-war Cabinet the Communists, in their new disguise, took the pick of the ministerial plums—the Premiership, the Ministry of the Interior (which controls the police), Education, the Armed Forces, and Rationing and Price Control. A woman, Hertta Kuusinen, daughter of Otto Kuusinen, now a member of the Cominform and president of the Soviet Karelian Republic, became Minister without Portfolio and a key personage in the plot to follow. Hertta's second husband, Yrgo Leino, Minister of the Interior, promptly organized a state police, theoretically to insure law and order, actually to prepare the ground for a later Communist coup d'état. Hundreds of former officers and men of the Finnish army were charged with illegal possession of arms and thrown into prison without trial. Leino capped this with other flagrant violations of justice.

As the situation became more oppressive, the other parties in the Diet began to close their ranks for action, and public opinion turned swiftly against the Democratic People's Party. By May, 1948, with the new election only two months off, popular and parliamentary pressure compelled Leino to let his prisoners go to trial. Nearly every case ended in acquittal, and Parliament started an investigation of Leino's police operations.

The Communists, who had not reckoned with the unification of their political opponents, were obliged to speed up their time-table. Hertta Kuusinen's first husband, operating among the labor unions, pulled the strings. Factory rallies were ordered to protest against the acquittals, and a general strike was called with much ostentation. This was to be the signal for the take-over. But Finland's workers refused to march. The rallies drew no crowds. Less than 5 per cent of the union membership responded to the strike call. Hoping that Moscow would come to the rescue, Leino refused to resign from the Cabinet, but the Kremlin again stayed its hand and allowed the Democratic People's Party to lose face as well as its seats and its hold on the government. In the election of July, 1948, the Communists met a resounding defeat. This did not mean that they gave up their struggle for control or that the people of Finland could look upon their unusual status, outside the iron curtain, as permanent or secure. But the Finns are a mixture of fatalism, cold logic, and courage which the Russians have learned to respect.

The Communists are conducting two campaigns at present, one above and one underground. Officially they sit in the Diet as the major component of the left bloc. There they sound off against the Atlantic Pact, deride

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LISA SERGIO is a New York newspaperwoman and radio commentator.

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the successes of the Marshall Plan, praise Russia at every turn, and attack the Finnish government when the Moscow press attacks it, which is a weekly occurrence. Since Finland is barred from joining any pact by its treaty with the U. S. S. R. and received a considerable economic reward for obeying orders to reject Marshall Plan aid, the non-Communists in Parliament can only remain silent. The overwhelming majority of the Finns realize that for the present they must avoid doing anything that will provoke Russian retaliation. Therefore neither the government nor the press ever takes a position on international questions which do not directly concern Finland. On this basis the Communists talk, but Finland remains surprisingly free.

What the Communists are doing underground is hard to define. Their major field of action is the League of Finnish Trade Unions (S. K. A.), which has a membership of 280,000. The league was hastily organized after the war to help Finland's weak industries meet Russia's terrific reparation demands. After the failure of the general strike in 1948, the Social Democrats regained control of the unions, and the Communists therefore were unable to take credit for the improved economic situation which developed at about the same time.

The major weakness of the democratic camp is too much individualism at a time when unity is essential. In recent weeks the Social Democratic Fägerholm government, under fire from the Communists for supporting President Paasikivi's action in releasing former President Risto Ryti from prison, is also being attacked by the Conservatives for its financial policy. It is generally believed that Fägerholm's fall is imminent, and while it will not be the Communists who bring it about, they can be counted upon to take all possible advantage of a Cabinet crisis.

It is interesting to note that when Finland had paid half of its reparations to Russia in July of last year, just as the coup d'état failed, the Soviets quite unexpectedly reduced the remaining amount 50 per cent. They did this, not through the intervention of the Finnish Communists, but by direct negotiation with the government, thereby depriving the local reds of what would have been a big feather in their cap. The resultant improvement in the economy, in conjunction with the exclusion of the Communists from the government, has greatly strengthened the country's political stability.

ONE may well wonder what lies behind the Kremlin's peculiar policy toward this strategically located neighbor. No one in or out of Finland would be so naive as to assume that the preservation of its free status depends on the Finns themselves. It depends, of course, on the Kremlin, whose unpredictable decisions and unpalatable methods keep the Finns perpetually on the alert.

The reparations exacted by the U. S. S. R. were divided under two heads—the penalty Finland must pay for having fought against Russia and its indebtedness to Germany for helping it. Under the first head the total exacted was $300,000,000 worth of goods, calculated at pre-war prices plus a 15 per cent increase for metal products and 10 per cent for everything else. At current prices the figure becomes staggering. Under the second head the Soviets immediately appropriated property worth six billion Finnmarks (approximately $44,000,000 at the official current rate of exchange), in the form of sulphates, alcohol, two destroyers, 35,000 prefabricated houses, a slice of territory near Petsamo on which the Finns were made to build a large power plant for the Soviets, the palace which housed the Finnish legation in Moscow, and a new legation building for Russia in Helsinki. This account is entirely settled.

Among the goods taken as reparations were Finland's ice-breakers and other seagoing craft, military and mercantile, all of which had to be repaired before delivery. For the locomotives and machinery demanded Finland was obliged to import steel plate, ball bearings, and other parts which its own industrial plant could not produce, Paper mills were built in Finland and sent to Russia for assembling; wood and wood-products were delivered in huge quantities. All this made it impossible for Finland to produce anything for home consumption.

While the Finns complain of the severity of the rules laid down for payment, of the constant supervision of production by Russian agents, of the fussiness of Russian "experts," they admit that the U. S. S. R. has been entirely fair and correct in these transactions. Two million dollars of penalties owed for delays in delivery have been condoned, and as I said above, half of the unpaid indebtedness was remitted in July, 1948. Now Russia has opened up a sizable flow of free trade with its neighbor. Finland is even being encouraged to trade with countries in the Western sphere—25 per cent of this trade is with Britain—and its whole foreign-trade ledger is markedly in the black. This accounts for the slight decline in the very high cost of living, as well as for the optimism about the immediate economic future.

The Soviets have let the Finns run their domestic affairs as they choose. Signs of Russian proximity are hard to detect. The language is not taught in the schools. Bookstores are packed with literature from all over the world, with Soviet books far from prominent. The economic pattern is less socialized than in Great Britain or Sweden, and only the Communists advocate extending state control beyond its present range. Land reform has touched only the few large owners; now as in the past Finland is unhampered by masses of very poor people or by a powerful clique of the very rich. All political parties are agreed on policies which will equalize opportunities for the entire population, thus depriving the Communists of their most telling arguments.

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The philosophy of the Finns seems to be that while it is fatal to try to play politics with Russia, it is entirely possible to do business with it. Today everything points to the preservation of the status quo and against forcible *Anschluss*. A relatively free Finland, linked to the Russian economy and bound by geographical and treaty considerations not to turn westward, is useful to the Soviets in more ways than one. An enslaved Finland, stubbornly recalcitrant, deliberately unproductive, would cost Russia more in men and money than it would be worth. This will continue to be true, the Finns believe, as long as the present international balance in the Baltic remains unchanged. Had Sweden joined the Atlantic Pact, the possibility of an American military base on Swedish soil would probably have provoked Russia to establish bases in Finland, whatever the cost.

How to Influence Drinking

BY LAWRENCE C. GOLDSMITH

THE liquor industry is spending nearly a million dollars a year to persuade the American public not to take that one drink too many. It is financing studies to determine why some people habitually drink too much, sponsoring plans to keep young people away from bars, urging the authorities to crack down on barkeepers who will close one eye in order to make an extra sale. In these and other ways it is doing what might look at first glance like cutting its own throat.

This concern of the industry's about who drinks and how much is a marked departure from its old, pre-prohibition attitude of selling all it could regardless of the consequences. In former days distilleries and breweries often owned chains of saloons—this is now illegal—and were delighted with every clink of cash, whether or not a customer was drinking more than he could hold. Callousness of this sort brought prohibition. Prohibition taught the industry, in the words of an executive of Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., that "you can't get too guffy with the American people."

Licensed Beverage Industries is the smart public-relations organization established by the industry to educate the public in its new philosophy. Importers, rectifiers, vintners, warehouses, wholesalers, retail liquor stores, bars, restaurants, and related industries like the bottlemakers support L. B. I., but it is financed chiefly by the distillers, who account for five billion dollars of the nation's annual nine-billion-dollar liquor traffic. L. B. I.'s president is Vice-Admiral (ret.) F. E. M. Whiting. Its announced purpose is "(1) the encouragement of moderation, by word and example, (2) the maintenance of pleasant orderly places of business, (3) the encouragement of law observance and law enforcement."

To all this the exponents of traditional temperance say, in effect, "bah!" A search for any meeting ground between the industry and the leading temperance organizations—the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Temperance League of America (formerly the Anti-Saloon League), the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, and the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church—always strikes a snag over the word "moderation." Moderation, to liquor men, means stopping before the drinker becomes irresponsible. Temperance workers do not believe that the drinker can exercise any control once he has started drinking. "You are intoxicated as soon as you take one sip," says Helen Estelle, New York state president of the W. C. T. U. "Moderate drinking is a terrible problem; it causes more death, economic waste, and social confusion than alcoholism," declares the March number of the *Voice*, organ of the Methodist Board of Temperance. Only individual total abstention or legal prohibition can curb alcoholism, the drys believe, and of course neither of these methods is acceptable to the liquor industry.

Miss Estelle holds that the liquor industry is now teaching moderation and law enforcement because "it wants to make itself respectable." She adds, "It has seen the handwriting on the wall," meaning that the public in her belief is becoming increasingly aroused over the abuses attendant upon drinking. L. B. I. does in fact worry continuously over the public's attitude toward the sale of its product. It takes the hard-headed view that this profitable industry's future can best be protected by sacrificing a small percentage of sales in order to eliminate socially harmful situations.

POLLS taken by L. B. I. find that the public is particularly annoyed by drunken drivers, sales to minors, dirty taverns, and lax enforcement of laws governing liquor sales. Each of these conditions is being combated in the 750,000 pieces of literature distributed annually by L. B. I., in advertisements that reach an estimated 180,000,000 readers, and by 500 visits a year to editors.

The problem of the drunken driver is being tackled through a $20,000 grant made annually to the National Safety Council. Standardized criteria as to what amount

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LAWRENCE C. GOLDSMITH, a New York writer, will be remembered for his article on the record makers' war in The Nation *of May 7.*

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of alcohol produces a driver whose ineptitude can be laid to drinking and practical methods of testing intake are sought. One result of this research has been the "drunkometer," a device for measuring the alcohol content of the blood by examination of the driver's breath. In Detroit, where liquor men and police have carried on a high-powered campaign against the drunken driver, warning signs, "Drunk Drivers Go to Jail," have been plastered on the walls of every bar, and the drunkometer has been used to assure punishment of offenders. As a consequence, fatalities attributed to drunken drivers fell from forty-seven in 1941, Detroit's worst year, to an all-time low of three in 1948. Accidents causing injuries dropped from 1,774 to 120 in the same period. Part of this striking reduction can be laid to the fact that the drunkometer now clears many drivers of drunken-driving charges. Formerly an officer, smelling the breath of a man who had taken a single glass of beer a few hours before he had an accident, would have arrested him as a "drunk," and the local newspaper would have been quick to print a story very damaging to the liquor industry. Campaigns like the one in Detroit are sponsored all over the country by L. B. I., and its officials work constantly with the International Association of Chiefs of Police to keep the roads clear of those who have imbibed too much for safe driving. They also try to keep publicity unfavorable to the liquor interests out of the papers.

"Twenty-three Ways to Curb Purchases by Minors" is the title of an L. B. I. brochure widely distributed to the trade. The barkeeper's inability to determine just who is and who isn't above legal age presents a problem, as do the few recalcitrant proprietors who don't care. The industry would like to put the onus on the purchaser rather than the seller; short of that, it would rather not have any young persons in bars. One of its most constructive efforts has been in fostering community youth centers or canteens where only soft drinks are served.

DESIRING to continue as a legally licensed business, the industry cooperates in the strictest enforcement of existing regulations—regarding licenses, closing hours, sales to minors and alcoholics, and the like—and tries in every way to convince the public of its sincerity. It will not work for relaxation of any regulation if it discovers that public opinion would go against it. Moreover, any wayward tavern keeper is likely to find his misdeeds reported to a trade association. If persuasion fails, a bill of complaint is addressed to licensing officials. L. B. I. field men in every state work closely with state administrators and with the Alcoholic Beverage Control Boards themselves. Full-page national advertisements urge the public to boycott violators of the law.

One of the liquor industry's long-range objectives is to divorce itself in the public eye from responsibility for the excessive drinker or chronic alcoholic. "This industry does not want the patronage of the few who abuse the right to drink in moderation," Admiral Whiting and his men state repeatedly. They contend that the liquor trade does not create the alcoholic any more than the sugar industry creates the diabetic. Alcoholism is a disease, for which, while denying responsibility, they are eager to find a cure. The existence of the alcoholic is unquestionably bad for public relations. From 10 to 15 per cent of L. B. I.'s $834,00 budget for 1949 is therefore being spent to subsidize research in alcoholism. Two major projects are directly sponsored—one at Cornell University Medical College and the other at New York University–Bellevue Hospital.

The Cornell study, under the direction of Dr. Oskar Deithelm, is proceeding along the lines that the cause of alcoholism is in the unresolved emotional problems of the individual. The Bellevue studies, under Dr. James J. Smith, use a physiological rather than a psychiatric approach. Dr. Smith's preliminary findings tentatively show that alcoholism is the result of aberrations of the endocrine glands and might be cured medically. If so, there is some reason to believe that the cured alcoholic may then become a moderate social drinker. No present "cure" accomplishes this psychologically desirable result. Even the effective work of Alcoholics Anonymous—or the various chemical cocktails that turn the drinker against drinking—does not go beyond the point of bolstering the alcoholic so that he can resist taking a drink. L. B. I. gives widespread publicity to any findings which emphasize that the alcoholic is a social and medical problem rather than a penal or moral one.

Since L. B. I. chooses not to register under the federal and state lobbying laws, it is prevented from taking any direct part in elections. However, it works hard up to the moment an issue is placed officially on the ballot; then other organizations carry on along the lines originally laid down by it. L. B. I.'s staff prides itself particularly on preventing elections which might turn wet communities dry. A blueprint for this work of prevention has been published under the title, "How You Can Avoid Local Option." The plan was developed in the tomato-canning center of Bridgeton, New Jersey, where in four successive elections the citizenry had come closer and closer to voting local prohibition. L. B. I. field men came to town in numbers, made an investigation, and decided that four of the sixteen bars in town were causing the public discontent. They believed, however, that the problem was really created by the influx of migrant cannery workers on Saturday nights. The town's year-round population of 22,000 increases by 5,000 during the picking and canning season. Only one of the four major canning plants provides adequate after-hours facilities for these workers. L. B. I. acted by bringing two of the four objectionable bar proprietors into line,

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placing large advertisements in the local paper in which the other fourteen pledged good conduct, and arranging a meeting of local ministers and other influential citizens to thrash the problem out. At this meeting the liquor spokesmen succeeded in convincing the community leaders that they were faced with a basic sociological disorder of which the drinking pattern was merely symptomatic. The threat of a dry-election petition was thus avoided.

While the L. B. I. carries on a consistent drive to lower liquor taxes, using the argument that high prices caused by high taxes encourage bootlegging, it does nothing about the price-fixing at the distiller level which boosts prices. The public derives benefit from taxes but not from price-fixing, and here the interests of public and industry split. The situation is not altered by the legal sanction given to price-fixing, for such statutes are invariably passed under pressure from liquor makers.

Another valid criticism of the program is the impression given that most of the constructive activity is hidden from view. Actually, a small amount of activity is played up to create the illusion that a great deal is taking place. To be sure, the same can be said of any public-relations campaign.

WHAT has been the effect of this many-sided campaign? It has undoubtedly convinced a large section of the public of the liquor industry's good intentions. It has not moved the drys, except to make them streamline their tactics. Much of their effort is now directed to obtaining legal curbs on liquor advertising. In their view, any sums the L. B. I. is spending on urging moderation are overbalanced by the "hundred to a hundred and fifty million dollars"—to quote Bishop Wilbur E. Hammaker, director of the Methodist Board of Temperance —"the drink trade is now expending in advertising . . . to make more drinkers, and to make drinkers drink more." The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America includes the regulation of advertising in its program because of the effect, particularly on youth, of the "unwarranted and false claims" of liquor advertising, which ". . . aim to invest the use of alcohol with prestige and desirability."

Another effective tactic of the drys has been their promotion of what is known as "divorcement," that is, the legal requirement that the sale of alcoholic drinks be divorced from the sale of food. Thus persons eating in restaurants are not tempted, and drinkers, segregated at bars, are exposed to public view and censure.

The drys spend an estimated ten million dollars annually. Their efforts are more diffuse than those of the wets and therefore proportionately less effective, but they make use of such modern techniques as films, clipsheets, and even a cartoon service. The drys too are learning how to win friends and influence drinking.

The wets won a thumping victory in the recent Kansas election, when that stronghold of prohibition broke its sixty-eight-year-old tradition. L. B. I. disclaims any credit for this turnabout, but its missionary work throughout the country may have had a good deal to do with it. In 1948, 19 per cent of the population of the United States lived in dry areas, as compared with 17.3 per cent in 1940, but the Kansas decision will ultimately affect this statistic. Alcoholism is on the increase, with a new twenty-five-year high of 856 per 100,000 persons reached in 1945, the latest available figure as provided by Yale Studies on Alcohol. Yet this figure is low in comparison with 1,202 in 1915 and 1,248 in 1910, in pre-prohibition days. No one has determined the exact part played by rising economic and political tensions in causing the current increase in alcoholism. The greater proportion of adults in the total population accounts for some of it.

Although more of the population is drinking, the per capita amount of liquor taken is definitely on the decline. How much of this decline is due to the shrinking size of the consumer's pocket-book and the high price of liquor, and how much to the industry's campaign of moderation, cannot be determined. But it is probably true that the industry has won friends by trying to solve complex social problems by methods which further its own interests. One indirect proof of this is provided by a poll of Protestant clergymen taken by Yale. Of the clergymen questioned only 37.8 per cent refused to have anything to do with local liquor men in trying to solve community drinking problems. In the heyday of Carrie Nation and the "booze barons," they would probably have refused unanimously.

Admiral Whiting and his men are spending nearly a million dollars a year "trying to make the liquor industry respectable," as the drys put it. To many of the 65,000,000 middle-of-the-road drinkers in the nation, who are far more interested in a sane approach to the social problems of alcohol than in the standing of the industry, this sum, on the whole, must seem to be intelligently spent.

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Mr. Tenney's Horrible Awakening

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, July 21

THOUGH state legislatures are showing increasing interest in "un-American" activities, the oldest of the "little Dies committees," the Tenney committee in California, has recently suffered a stunning defeat. An account of its rise and decline provides an interesting case history of the politics of red-baiting.

The California legislature first became interested in "subversive" activities during the administration of Governor Culbert L. Olson. In 1940 an Assembly committee, with Sam Yorty as chairman and Jack B. Tenney as its most active member, was appointed to inquire into the extent of Communist influence in the state relief program. Although the committee failed to make a case, it did succeed in its primary purpose of pinning a red label on the Olson administration. The following year a joint fact-finding committee on un-American activities was created, and Tenney, composer of "Mexicali Rose" and once charged with actual membership in the Communist Party by two witnesses testifying before the Dies committee, was made its chairman.

In the eight years of its existence the Tenney committee has received appropriations of $153,000 from the state Senate, but few if any legislative enactments have been chalked up to its credit. Other states now considering the appointment of similar committees might well ponder the following appraisal of the work of the Tenney committee by the Los Angeles *Daily News* (June 13, 1949): "We believe that our Un-American Activities Committee, as directed by it chairman, Senator Jack B. Tenney, not only has failed to serve the purpose for which it was intended but has been used more effectively than any other governmental institution in the state of California to aid, assist, and develop communism in this state."

How did the committee happen to stray so far from its stated purposes and objectives? The answer is to be found in what might be called the law of diminishing returns as applied to red-baiting in American politics. Professional politicians should familiarize themselves with the workings of this interesting principle.

"Un-American" committees must constantly broaden the scope of their inquiries, just as placer miners are forced farther and farther into the marginal "sands" as the rich diggings are exhausted. Once such a committee has examined the obvious witnesses and worked over the most fertile fields of inquiry, it is driven to summon witnesses who are progressively less vulnerable to attack; as the most likely issues are explored and abandoned, increasingly fanciful issues must be tackled. And the wider the dragnet thrown out, the more numerous the opposition becomes. For example, as long as Communist leaders are under investigation, the opposition will generally be limited to Communists, but if the committee goes farther afield, it will have to subpoena witnesses of considerable standing in the community. Once witnesses of this kind are brought before the inquisition, two concurrent developments are usually noted: the opposition is strengthened, and the position of the committee is undermined, for it begins to look ridiculous even in the eyes of the less progressive elements of the community.

One would think that those who direct inquisitorial agencies would be on their guard against this danger, but the opposition usually assumes real substance before the inquisitors realize that they are less popular than they had imagined. Emboldened by their initial successes, they become drunk with power and develop a remarkable blindness to changes in public opinion. It often happens also that the chairman begins to take "the red menace" seriously, and once this happens he forfeits any competence he may have possessed. Thus Senator Tenney, who started out as a cynical turncoat liberal, reached such a pitch of self-indoctrination that he made maudlin speeches warning his colleagues that "the sad eyes of Cardinal Mindszenty are upon you." If a chairman succumbs to his own demagoguery, he becomes obtuse and unmanageable. By a curious irony, the more "sincere" he becomes, the less useful he is to those who sponsored his show in the first place. If he persists in his "sincerity," he will ultimately be repudiated by the very elements that selected him for the role of grand inquisitor. The failure to realize this basic fact of political life proved the undoing of Senator Tenney.

WHEN the California legislature convened in January, 1949, the Tenney committee faced the necessity of sounding the usual alarms in order that it might secure a new appropriation. But the committee had already filed four reports, running into many millions of words, and it found it difficult to invest a new one with the right sense of "urgency" and "menace." A fresh sensation had to be manufactured for the legislators, and an uniaded scribe, someone who could inject real

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fervor into his work, was needed. For this assignment Senator Tenney selected one Ed Gibbons, at a salary of $200 a week. Once amanuensis to Willie Bioff, the racketeer, Gibbons had become a member of the anti-subversive public-relations firm of Jacoby and Gibbons, publishers of a smear sheet called *Alert*. While working on the report, Gibbons published in the May 2 issue of *Alert* an article in which he charged that a long list of prominent Democrats were "fellow-travelers, dupes, or dopes." The Gibbons list included Mrs. Edward H. Heller, Democratic national committeewoman from California; Oliver Carter, state chairman of the Democratic Party; State Senators George Miller and Gerald J. O'Gara; Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas; Edmund Brown, District Attorney of San Francisco; Colonel James Roosevelt; and others of similar standing. The smearing of these individuals, of course, provided the new sensation, but the sensation quickly backfired. Senators O'Gara and Miller demanded an investigation of the employment of Gibbons, and protests against the Tenney committee began to pour into Sacramento.

Jack B. Tenney

Apparently annoyed by this resistance, Senator Tenney proceeded to oppose the nomination of Daniel G. Marshall and W. J. Bassett to the Social Welfare Board on the ground that their "philosophies" were repugnant to him. Mr. Marshall is a prominent Los Angeles attorney who is extremely well thought of in Catholic circles; and W. J. Bassett is the conservative secretary of the Los Angeles Central Labor Council (A. F. of L.). In opposing these appointments Tenney also attacked the Citizens' Committee for Old Age Pensions, out of pique because the oldsters had refused to support him for mayor of Los Angeles (he had run a poor fifth in this race). Obviously Tenney had become "punchy"; in one brash outburst he had antagonized the Catholic church, the American Federation of Labor, and the best-organized section of the pension movement.

Just at this time, however, the industrious Gibbons pen had completed the writing of the Fifth Report of the committee. Released on June 8, the document created an immediate furor. To their horror, Tenney's sponsors discovered that he had divided the newspapers of the state into two categories—those that looked with favor on the Tenney committee and those that did not. Among the latter were listed the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the San Francisco *News*, and the Los Angeles *Daily News*. The *Chronicle* promptly replied with an editorial attacking the "razzle-dazzle, headline-grabbing, witch-hunting techniques" of the committee.

Then, just to insure the effectiveness of the coalition that was forming against him, Senator Tenney went on to introduce thirteen "anti-subversive" bills, two of which would have required test oaths from lawyers and teachers, and to release a long list of persons said to be within "Stalin's orbit." On this list was the name of Judge Isaac Pacht, president of the Los Angeles Jewish Community Council. The council promptly passed a resolution castigating Tenney for his "vicious, unjust, and completely untrue" charge. By these moves Tenney had succeeded in antagonizing the two best-organized professional groups in the state and the Jewish community of Los Angeles. The introduction of his ambitiously conceived "thought control" program greatly alarmed his backers and manipulators. As one of these behind-the-scenes individuals complained: "We hired someone to tell us of the presence of our enemy, to keep our house in order, and he has mistook [*sic*] his mission." The lobbyists were immediately alarmed, fearing that Tenneyism might become a major, and unmanageable, issue in 1950.

ALMOST before Tenney realized what had happened, a group of legislators, acting on the orders of the lobbyists, decided that the time had come "to blow the whistle" on the Tenney committee. In the last days of the session Assemblyman Sam Yorty, who had once initiated Tenney in the rites of red-baiting, moved that the remaining undefeated Tenney bills be tabled, and the motion was carried by a vote of fifty-five to sixteen. While he was still groggy from this blow, Tenney discovered that the rules committee had decided to remove him as chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee. Tenney was a victim of the illusion that political power is inherent in red-baiting, *per se*, rather than in the forces that find it convenient to use red-baiting for their particular purposes. A power in the state one day, Tenney woke up the next morning to find that he was "out." In his humiliation there is a lesson for all politicians who fail to see that certain political forces encourage red-baiting for purposes not necessarily connected with belief in "the red menace." If a red-baiter gets in their way, he will promptly discover who runs the show.

California is now, somewhat ahead of the nation, entering upon the new phase of "controlled" red-baiting. The more extreme forms of it have been repudiated, not because they are ugly or unfair but because the powers that be have discovered that red-baiting caters to a constantly shrinking political market; each succeeding dividend is lower than the one which preceded it.

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Tenney was thrown overboard to appease public opinion, and now a new set of rules has been adopted to prevent the cruder indignities of such committees and salvage red-baiting as a technique. The new rules provide (1) that witnesses shall have the right to submit statements; (2) that individuals whose names are brought into the record may file a statement concerning such testimony or appear before the committee and testify in their own behalf; (3) that such individuals also have the right to secure the appearance of the witnesses whose testimony adversely affected them and to cross-examine these witnesses within reasonable limits, either personally or by counsel; (4) that no reports are to be issued until approved by a majority of the committee. Whether these rules and the elimination of the odious Tenney will have the effect of rehabilitating red-baiting remains to be seen. In the meantime Jack B. Tenney is probably pondering an editorial entitled Will He Be Missed? which appeared in the Fresno *Bee*, a newspaper that Tenney had fondly included in the "loyal" category. "Building mountains out of molehills," to quote from this editorial, "is another thing which has served to detract from the value of its work [the Tenney committee's]. It has shouted wolf so often and so long when no wolves could be seen that people have lost confidence in its warning cries."

The Nazis Who Live Next Door

BY MORTON M. HUNT

II. "Now All Is Smooth and Pleasant"

THE whole project of employing German war scientists in the United States, initiated just after the defeat of Germany in World War II, was known as Operation Paperclip, and the specific part of it in which I was involved as an air-force officer in Germany in the summer of 1945—hustling scientists out of the zone soon to be handed over to the Russians—was called Project Lusty.

Our job was really finished by the time the Russians moved in in the first week of July. One or two zealous officers kept trying to slip through the Russian lines and continue the good work, but the Red Army quickly established a fairly good set of road blocks. German scientists in the Russian zone who were anxious to join us had now to come *über die grüne Grenze*—through the woods.

However, we kept up the hunt for scientists in the rest of Germany, including the areas occupied by our Western allies. As a matter of fact, the first big prize Operation Paperclip sent to Bad Kissingen to await passage to America had been lifted from under the noses of the British. Colonel Donald Putt of the air force had gone up to the Göring Institute for Air Research at Braunschweig in the British zone-to-be and lured away six of Germany's top-notch aeronautical engineers, including the supersonics expert Theodore Zobel and the rocket-fuels developer Rudolph Edse, promising them American citizenship as an ultimate reward.

None of us imagined for a moment that the purity of any of our allies exceeded ours. One night, in fact, two French intelligence officers sneaked into the Wittelsbacher Hof, where we housed our scientists and their families, and made a round of the rooms, offering the Germans better terms than ours to pack up and come into the French zone and later to France. Since the Germans thought we might pay them more if pressed, they hesitated; eventually a few went.

Toward the end of August the Wittelsbacher Hof settled down to a state of sullen discontent. There were 120 German scientists in the hotel, plus their families. The source was drying up, and no one knew what was to happen next. One morning I received orders to hurry back to my home outfit, an aerial reconnaissance group in England. A few weeks later I found myself somehow a civilian again. Project Lusty became something to be dragged up only over the third or fourth beer.

Later that winter, in America, an item in the New York *Times* caught my attention. Secretary of War Robert Patterson had revealed that 130 German military scientists were working in the United States. In answer to a query from Senator Fulbright, the *Times* said, Mr. Patterson had declared that "throughout their *temporary* stay (my italics) . . . these experts will be under the supervision of the War Department." I remembered that back in Germany the previous summer we had promised to grant American citizenship to some of our acquisitions. Had this offer now been withdrawn? I clipped the item and kept it.

I had nearly forgotten about the matter when a Reuters dispatch in early October, 1946, claiming that 2,400 German scientists had been taken to the American zone, touched off a series of further disclosures, accusations, and denials. These culminated in an American Military Government release which announced that 300 German scientists had been sent to the United States and that around 1,000 would finally be sent, with their families. This release, contrary to Mr. Patterson's earlier statement, said the scientists were going to America "under

MORTON M. HUNT was formerly an editor of Science Illustrated. *The first part of this article was published last week.*

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a voluntary plan that will reward them with citizenship if they prove fit."

The news provoked a minor flurry of interest, and a number of protests from various American liberals and the American Federation of Scientists, but it soon subsided, leaving no trace. A little over a year later Senator Harry S. Byrd proudly revealed in the pages of a national magazine that the scientists were now distributed throughout the country—in Dayton, Columbus, Boston, St. Louis, New York, and various cities in New Mexico, Texas, and California. They were working for the air force and army, for private firms, and for several universities under contract to the War Department. Many of them owned the houses they lived in. They had been largely freed from controls. Their salaries averaged $5,500 a year and went as high as $8,000. They were being recommended for citizenship. Sixty Germans working for the air force, nearly half of them at Wright Field, had already applied for their first papers. Senator Byrd "could see nothing wrong" in using them to our advantage. He admitted that *most of them* had been Nazi Party members but added that "scientists are interested in little except their work, and rarely in politics." He then quoted General Donald Putt—the same officer who as a colonel had been so active in the project at its start—to this effect: "Those we have recommended for visas would make as good Americans, from the standpoint of loyalty, as the average flow of immigrants common to the history of our country."

ABOUT five months ago I was surprised to receive a letter from the man I have called Werner Ditzen, the German aeronautical expert whose "acquisition" in Gotha three and a half years earlier I described in the first part of this article. His wife had happened to see a magazine article of mine. He wrote that they had enjoyed it and hoped we would meet again. They still remembered the favor I had done for them in Germany —bringing them a load of beet sugar from Ditzen's uncle.

Purely by chance a business trip took me some weeks later to the Midwestern city where they lived. I called them on a Sunday morning and was urged to spend the afternoon and evening at their home. Werner and Marianna met me at the station in a gleaming new Ford. We grinned rather foolishly at one another.

Werner drove slowly back through the pleasant residential neighborhood. "I will take a short detour," he said. "You must see where I work now." We wound through the grounds of a small university. "It is very pleasant," he said. "Each day Marianna drops me off here, takes the children to their private school, and then goes to her work. She is a receptionist in a big office building downtown."

"I am proud of that, I want you to know," said Marianna. "My English was not so much, three years ago."

"There, that is my building," said Werner. "In there I work on wind-tunnel models of new helicopter rotors. The air force has a contract with the university, and I am an air-force employee."

We left the university and a few minutes later turned into a quiet street of new, little houses. An eight-year-old boy waved from the sidewalk. "That's Johnny," said Marianna. "How he has grown, yes?"

We stopped before the Ditzens' house and went inside. It was a chill winter day, and we warmed up with a small *Schnaps*. The Ditzens had bought some inexpensive modern furniture and a few good prints; nothing from their past was evident except a framed photograph of themselves gazing out over the Danube from the terrace of a cafe. We began to talk. "Well," said Ditzen, "Now all is smooth and pleasant, but it has been a long and difficult three and a half years."

Shortly after I had left Bad Kissingen, Ditzen, with a dozen other Germans, had been transferred to a small château in Versailles. Here for the first time they saw a written contract between themselves and the air force. Since the immigration laws did not permit enemy aliens to enter the United States, they were to be employed by the armed forces and sent on temporary duty to this country. Neatest thing you ever saw! The Germans were shocked to learn, however, that their families could not be brought over for a year or more, and they did a lot of shouting about broken promises, to no avail. Their wives were sent to Landshut, forty-five miles north of Munich, and lived there under guard, receiving part of their husbands' pay, until they could be sent to America.

Werner was assigned to work at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. There he was housed outside the field in the barracks of a former National Youth Administration camp. The quarters were comfortable, but the scientists were considerably nettled at being inclosed by barbed wire, shuttled to and from the field in an army bus under armed guard, and escorted by army officers when they went on occasional shopping trips to Dayton. Finally, in March, 1947, Marianna arrived with Hänsel and Käthe—whom Werner immediately renamed Johnny and Kate—and four small boxes of clothes and household things. The Ditzens made a home in two rooms of the barracks and spent the next five months together behind barbed wire.

As the scientists were "cleared" they were permitted to move into Dayton or anywhere they could find quarters nearby. Ditzen was considerably annoyed that many former party members, men who had been ardent Nazis, were released before he was. But finally he was cleared, and while he was besieging the rental agencies of Dayton, a special request for his services came through from the university where he was working when

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I called on him. He accepted the job, found a small, dingy, cold-water flat, and moved his family to it. His starting salary was $5,000 a year and he greatly enjoyed his work, but living conditions were a terrible strain. In the spring of 1948 he got a new contract at $6,000 a year, and almost simultaneously Marianna stumbled on a brand-new house in the suburbs which was offered for rent unfurnished on a long lease. The Ditzens at last began to enjoy the American way of life they had heard so much about.

"Our neighbors are fine," Ditzen said. "They are mostly simple people; there is an auto mechanic on the left and a bookkeeper on the right. They seem to think we are some kind of refugees. The children play together quite well. By the way, they have forgotten all their German; we never speak it in the house."

Almost as if on cue the children burst in. "I have a jet plane here," said Johnny, diving under the sofa. "It is not," said Kate. "It has a stick on the front." "That shows how much *you* know," said Johnny. "It's a turboprop. It's got a jet *and* a propeller." He turned to me: "That's right, isn't it?"

"YOU can see I am Americanizing my family," Werner said. "I feel comfortable in this country, except for the way they handle me at Wright Field." Werner is still controlled by the Wright Field officers, and his work frequently takes him back to the field. "You would think we were not trustworthy people. We are still technically enemy aliens because the State Department takes its time on our applications for citizenship. But the officers at Wright Field are very stupid. They want all our mail to go through their hands, even our rent and gas bills and Christmas cards."

"It is such foolishness," said Marianna. "Werner has access to secret reports all the time. He works on secret projects. Why should they hound him with questionnaires and rules and be so slow with the citizenship papers?"

"You know what it is?" asked Werner. "There are a few people at Wright Field who do not like us—all of us Germans. They are refugees from Germany, Jewish people, and they influence the others. You see, maybe their families were killed in Germany, or something like that. But *we* didn't kill their parents, or whatever it was."

I didn't say anything. Werner leaned forward anxiously. "You understand," he said, "I can imagine how they feel. But after all, *I* was never one of the fanatical Nazis. I am not that sort." After a moment, he added, "I really was never politically minded at all." He recalled that I had been present at the interrogation in Germany when he had testified he had not joined the party until 1939 and then under duress. I reminded *him* that he had once told me he was for Hitler back in 1932. Oh, yes, but then Germany was in bad condition, rotten within; a strong hand was needed. Besides, there had been the Communist danger.

Of course, Werner went on, the Nazis overdid things—the violence and all that. As far back as 1935 a middle-aged Jew was beaten up in front of Ditzen's home, and when Werner's mother went out to do her shopping she saw the man lying in the gutter, the blood bubbling in and out of his nostrils. She had fainted dead away and fractured her elbow on the sidewalk. Werner himself had seen a group of storm troopers set fire to the house of a suspected Communist. Out of the darkness a man had come running toward the blazing house. The storm troopers closed in on him. Someone brought a brick down on him several times. The leader of the S. S. men went through the pockets of the body. It was not the Communist. No one knew why the man had run toward the burning house. Werner went home upset by the violence.

"But my friends and I thought this was just on the surface," he said. "We were sure that as things got better, when industry started moving again, the ruffians would not be so active. I did finally join the party so as to stay in school and get my degree, as you know. And by then Germany was at war, and it was my country. We could have done great things for Europe if we had been left alone. I don't want to say we were not at all guilty in starting the war, but it is true we were always encircled. Still, toward the end of the war I could see we had made terrible mistakes. It was too late for regret; one had to keep working for victory and hoping for the best. But you can see I was never a real Nazi."

Marianna leaned forward excitedly. "Werner," she said, "tell him about the investigation—the FBI, you know."

"Yes, yes," he said. "You see, even your FBI knows. They came around to the campus a month or two ago to check on me—it was for the first papers. The people they spoke to came and told me later. The FBI didn't care about my being in the Nazi Party; I think they understand about that. What they wanted to know was whether perhaps I was a Communist. It is funny, is it not? I, a Communist!"

I agreed it was funny, and looked at my watch. "I have to make a train back to New York tonight," I said. It was not true, actually.

"Oh, what a pity," said Marianna. "I thought you were going to stay for dinner."

"You really cannot stay?" asked Werner. "Well, then, I will drive you to the station."

I shook hands with Marianna. "Maybe we will see you in New York in the summer," she said. "We will have our papers then; we will feel like real people. Werner," she said, "put the car away when you come back. It's dark already, and anyhow there's nothing good at the movies tonight."

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

NOTES ON AN ENGLISH JOURNEY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

I RECENTLY returned from a four weeks' visit to London, where I saw, heard, and did so many things of such variety that I should not be surprised to find myself remarking that John Gielgud's performance in the London County Council was less than perfect or that the effects of the bombing are not very noticeable until one contemplates the vast empty spaces in the program of the opposition.

The grayness of England has been stressed and restressed to such a point that a visit to the land of Cripps is likely to be regarded in the light of a charitable call on an orphan asylum. This attitude was particularly marked in the tourists fresh from the fleshpots of the Continent whom I met on the S. S. America on my return voyage. They were quick to pay tribute to the pluck of Great Britain, but it was clear that to them a pleasure trip to its allegedly dreary precincts was a contradiction in terms. The cliché of grayness is indeed so prevalent that I feel constrained to say that the English countryside is still green, that the hawthorne blossom and the English complexion are still pink, that London is quite as lively and colorful as New York, and that the beefeaters at the Tower did not look to me pallid.

I ENTERED ENGLAND by a back door, landing at Hull. Rain was falling, and the day happened to be Sunday. Rain, Hull, and Sunday—this was a combination designed to confirm the grayest accounts of the grayness of Ingsoc. And it was topped off by a meal on the train to London that fulfilled my worst expectations. I reflected doggedly on what the British had been through and resigned myself to a month of such fare.

Actually the meal on the train was the worst I had during four weeks, and I soon discovered that what I had been through was mainly old English public cooking. But of this more later.

THE SUN WAS OUT when we reached London, and the sight of the old city in the late afternoon light was beautiful and reassuring. My hotel was near the Marble Arch, and at the day's end I strolled into Hyde Park to watch the crowd and listen to the speakers on orators' row. The greensward in the distance showed wisps of picnic paper drifting and a few stragglers making their way toward the concourse of people near the Arch. It was obviously a working-class crowd spruced up for Sunday. Their clothes were not old or shabby but new and inexpensive. They were making leisurely tours of the soapboxes, and the violent gestures of the speakers pointed up the relaxed mood and movement of the strollers. What interested me most were the facial contours; they were at once so various and so homogeneous. It was as if the same original cast of feature had been shaped, or misshapen, into a variety of forms by pressures applied over a long period of time—such pressures as the serried existence of urban life, class status, and the provincialism of a huge and ancient city. They were insular and local faces—these were not the Englishmen who had operated an empire. Indeed, I felt as if Hyde Park might be the farthest they had ever got from the regions of the city where they had been born and brought up, and as if some of them at least had only recently got that far.

The speakers were of a different, more sophisticated and traveled order. The first one had long hair and a ministerial look. The second was a young colored man whose placard read "Colored Workers Association." He was completely overborne by the third speaker, a Communist, who rather resembled a matinee idol, with his black hair, white perfect teeth, and studied elocution. He was flourishing a copy of the *Times* and heaping scorn on a headline which referred to unemployment as redundancy—it seems to be the current word. He said that the Labor government preferred an even more euphemistic term, "temporary dislocation." His auditors listened with polite interest, but one man who had had too much beer was complaining that he had been insulted. "It's a disgraice," he shouted, and waved his arms. As I moved on, a bobbie was coaxing the heckler away. The next speaker was also a Communist—and this one, in his disheveled, soiled attire and his marked disregard for Sunday, resembled a capitalist cartoon of a Communist. He was exhorting a man who might have been a white-collar worker, mild and tidy in his Sunday suit. The Communist shouted that the people must first of all break down their own nationalism. "I agree," said Sunday Suit earnestly in a modest tone, "but . . ." His buts, however, were of no avail against the stream of half-truths and jargon that issued from the Communist's mouth like the toads from the lips of the self-centered princess in the old story. I longed to ask why Communist Russia was the most nationalistic of all nations, but being an alien less than twelve hours in the country, I refrained from political argument.

A young man of bohemian aspect who was conducting the Poetry Circle had an unwashed but rather touching look, and I felt I should support, at least by listening to it, his plea to "the poet in every man" for more reading of verse and more understanding of poets. He spoke of Wordsworth's work, and for a moment I thought he might be going to read from it. But what he drew out of his pocket was a sheaf of grubby pages of his own verse, and after a few lines, his small custom dwindled.

The last speaker on this sunny afternoon in Labor Britain was denouncing

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work and scolding human beings for letting themselves be coerced into it. "I advocate," he said, "permanent unemployment." He denied the proposition that work was natural to man, and when another Sunday Suit suggested that people work to survive he scoffed at the stupid human concern with survival.

I had come full circle. As I turned away, I fell into conversation with a rosy-faced, middle-aged man in a new blue shirt who was laughing to himself. "It's a good show," he said, "you won't find it anywhere else." Considering the state of free speech in the world at large, I thought he spoke better than he knew, and I hope the show in Hyde Park, even though it may be something of a side show, has a long run.

WANDERING ABOUT LONDON, one sees gaps in every other block where the Luftwaffe left its mark, but they have all been cleared of rubble and are overgrown with grass and flowering weeds. Some of them—I think of the ruin of the old church in Chelsea—have been turned into very pretty rock gardens. It is difficult to connect their peaceful aspect with the crash and flame of bombs. Only when you see the great expanse of emptiness in an area like that around St. Paul's do you get any sense of reality about the most fantastic of human activities, modern warfare; and even then it is hard to hang on to. The instinct of self-preservation works against too vivid a remembrance of it even among those who have experienced it: and so does the necessity of getting on with existence. The sign one sees every so often mounted on a lamp post —Bombed Site Car Park—is a measure of this. But the capacity to forget is surely one reason why war is allowed to happen more than once. The instinct of self-preservation obviously needs to be overhauled and adapted to modern conditions.

With a friend I walked through one of the poorer sections of the city which was badly hit—and left it to her to remark that some of the dismal streets of houses we passed through could well have been spared. There are clusters of prefabricated houses here and there, and once in a while a block of new apartment houses in red brick makes a fine show. We stopped people occasionally to ask directions, and they engaged us in conversation. One old man insisted on telling us what had happened to *his* house and he told us of catastrophe as if it had been hardly more than an exciting incident in an otherwise humdrum existence. But the woman in the yard of a prefab who also wanted to talk was one who had not forgotten—and the marks of not forgetting were apparent in her tense, ravaged face. Her house had been bombed and her thirteen-year-old son had been killed. Yet she seemed almost more bitter about the destruction of her little garden.

I had been told that the prefabs were comfortable, and that, in particular, their kitchens and bathrooms were models of convenience. But this tenant told us she hated the house and that Attlee, Cripps, and Bevin could have it. When we learned that she occupied the place with her ill husband and her two brothers, we suggested that it must be a little crowded, but she replied tartly that there was plenty of room. It finally turned out that her main grievance was against the elegant bathroom, because, she said, the three men didn't know how to treat a bathroom and she was forever having to clean up after them. This woman was obviously a permanent, and very pathetic, casualty of the war, and my talk with her was one of the few encounters in which I got a glimpse of its actual horror. But even she was getting on with existence. She had told us that she would never, *never* have another garden—but when we came upon her she was sticking a plant in the cindery soil of the prefab's yard and watering it from a saucepan.

IN A LEAFLET published by the Labor Party and headed MEAT: Mr. Strachey Answers 15 Questions, appears this passage:

Q. To what extent is the lowness of the present ration due to "leveling up" between the richer and poorer people?

A. To a very great extent. This was brought out in the recent debate in the House of Commons. The Tories instanced many countries in Europe where meat is unrationed. But we were able to show, on the basis of the latest Food and Agriculture Organization figures (relating to a period which ended less than a year ago), that each person in Europe was eating only about half as much meat on the average per head per year as in this country.

Even now, when our ration, owing to the Argentine default of their contract, has had to be cut, we are still almost certainly eating more per head than the people in many of the unrationed countries of Europe.

This is because these countries have derationed their meat and their other foodstuffs by the simple method of leaving prices uncontrolled. For example, meat costs four shillings a pound in France today.

I should imagine that it would be quite easy to de-ration meat, even with our present supplies, if we let the price go up to four shillings a pound in this country.

And that, of course, would suit the rich very well indeed. They would get all the meat they wanted. But it would mean that the poorer housewives would get even less than they get today. That we shall never do.

If meat were unrationed, and cost eighty cents a pound instead of twenty, the average American tourist well equipped with dollars and able to frequent the best restaurants would undoubtedly report that Britain had made a marvelous recovery, and I suspect we should have heard little about grayness. For the grayness would be concentrated, into blackness, in the low-income sectors of the population that the tourist seldom sees. For reasons which I shall go into later, I doubt whether even the Tories, if they had been returned to power, would have plumped for the free market which they and the classical economists—who seem to me to get more romantic year by year—talk about so happily, being happily free of the responsibility for the human results of its restoration in post-war Britain.

As it is, the tourist does not fare at all badly—he can even get a little meat twice a day most days if he takes his meals early. The free market holds in restaurants to the extent that those who get there first get what meat is available.

The complaint I heard most frequently from the British themselves was of the monotony rather than the inadequacy of the diet—though it is spare enough. But by all accounts there had been a great improvement within recent months in the supply of things that make for variety. A little rice now and then to alternate with the endless potatoes; more kinds of cheese—imported and very good; olive oil is back—an entire window display at Boots's was made up of half-pint bottles of the precious stuff. French wines are quite reasonably priced. And other amenities are coming

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back—though they may disappear again now that a new dollar crisis is on. You usually get a paper napkin even in ordinary restaurants. This is a very recent restoration in eating places ordinary and other. At the Savoy, for instance, cloth napkins have only just reappeared.

The hitch is that in a country devoted to joints and puddings the abundance of fish and vegetables and fruits fails to fill the emotional, even though it may fill the physical, void left by the shortage of meats and fats. The meat ration is still about a pound a week, and the traditional week-end joint is a shadow of its former self—though it is still produced somehow for the American visitor. For the rest there is a rasher of bacon per person per week, and "edible offal"—kidneys, brains, etc.—is unrationed, and there is fowl, wild and tame. Fresh eggs are hard to come by. The gift of a pound of lard is received as an ounce of French perfume might be in America—which has a curious effect upon the giver. There is still a shortage of tea—by the standards of a people who like a cup or two six times a day.

The shortage of meat, the one dish for which the British, like most Americans, have real respect and which was likely therefore to be well cooked, has dramatized their disrespect for vegetables. The vegetables are now having their revenge—and nothing can be more aggressively vindictive than a mess of unlubricated spring greens. But the fish is good and also well cooked, the national bread is excellent, and you get butter at least for breakfast and tea. It seemed to me that the situation was a good deal as it was here at the height of the war—except that there are few if any black- or gray-market prime ribs even for those who can afford them.

I sampled some very ordinary restaurants as well as better ones. And the main difference between the good and the less good—the basic price is the same—seemed to depend on the cook in the kitchen and the attitude of the proprietor toward the institution of dining. I ate well at an Austrian, a Spanish, and a French restaurant, and also at the Savoy. At the clubs which are organized for eating and drinking, one fares exceedingly well. But the taste of the quite good veal chop I had in a restaurant called the Victory was overpowered by the sight of the great heap of stale "chips" and the mound of dead beets, by the dingy, bedraggled room and down-at-heels service.

The private housekeeper, given ingenuity and time to shop around, can set a good-enough table—though certainly ingenuity and time are necessary, and even so the menus may be overloaded with fish.

As for wearing apparel, I saw no marked shabbiness, though I doubt whether any Englishman's wardrobe is large. The stores appear to be well stocked, and there was a great deal of shopping going on. Luxury and export goods are expensive, but every manufacturer is required to provide a certain proportion of his products to be sold at utility prices—and several friends told me that the utility stuff is often no different from the luxury goods of the same house, so that if one is on hand when a shipment arrives one may get things of superior quality at utility prices. I saw good wool suits for six pounds (about $24). Excellent white blankets can be bought for $6, gray ones for $4. And other items are priced accordingly.

I SAID that London was as lively and colorful as New York. It was not nearly so tense. I suspect that even at this critical moment Americans are more jittery about England than the British are, and in general we are more on edge about the world situation.

This is partly due, of course, to an ancient difference in temperament—which has always showed up and still shows up with particular vividness in the newspapers of the two countries; the least sensational of American newspapers has an air of urgency and of disaster-just-around-the corner that the most sensational of English papers seldom achieve. (An English newsvendor's idea of titillating the customer is to put up a sign scrawled in pencil: "Princess Elizabeth. Surprise.") It is partly due to the fact that the closer one is involved with possible danger, the less one is inclined to dwell upon it—in this sense Americans are very much on the edge and like the spectators at a sports contest take out their suspense in shouting or jumping up and down. Whatever the reasons, England struck me as being extraordinarily calm and confident. And the atmosphere, inside the gray sheath

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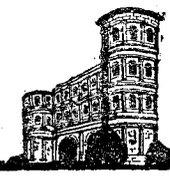

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that is partly composed of the abstractions of logic and statistics, seemed to me to be infused with an element which would show up as ruddy if it could be translated into color.

(*To be continued*)

Gandhi's Way

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. By Vincent Sheean. Random House. $3.75.

THIS book, like many others by Vincent Sheean, is intensely personal, a record of emotional experience in the search for his own soul and a road to the world's salvation. Its theme is the answer which traditional Hindu philosophy offers to this quest, especially as that was taught concretely and dramatically by Mahatma Gandhi. In 1944 Mr. Sheean had a brief stay in India, which he seems to have found not very informative or intellectually stimulating, but late in 1947, after the old British "Indian Empire" had been divided into the two Dominions of India and Pakistan, he made a kind of pilgrimage there. In the critical province of the Punjab, where the dividing line had been drawn between the two new states, the Hindus and Sikhs as one faction and the Moslems as their opponents had been fighting, plundering, and killing in villages, towns, and cities. Millions of persons on each side had migrated across the border, seeking physical safety where their coreligionists were in the majority.

Outstanding for thirty years as the leader in the struggle for national independence had been Gandhi; his was the central figure when the crisis and violence came; he was, as during the decades before, the most insistent preacher for brotherhood and peace. He was also still the most revered figure in the country and yet the one whose teachings seemed at the time the most plainly repudiated. Mr. Sheean in Vermont and New York, observing the situation, felt that tragedy would not fail to claim Gandhi as its victim in the clash of passionate hatreds. In November he started to India, stopping on the way in Europe, Egypt, and Pakistan, but finally reaching Delhi on January 14, the day after Gandhi's last fast started and sixteen days before the assassination. During those few days he had frequent and long interviews with Gandhi, discussing the nature of the world, the soul, man's purpose and duty, human conduct, nonviolence, the ancient philosophical treatises known as the "Upanishads," the long poem called the "Bhagavad Gita," which was to Gandhi the supreme religious text, the relationship of man to animals, especially to the cow, dietary practices, Gandhi's views of sex, and current affairs. The last of these seems to have been the least, and is not the subject of the present book. During this little more than two weeks Mr. Sheean came to look upon Gandhi as his *guru* (spiritual preceptor) and on the visit he was paying him as a personal example of the Hindu custom of doing *darshan*, that is, experiencing the happiness and blessing that come from the viewing of an auspicious person or place or object.

After Gandhi's death Mr. Sheean read considerably, if perhaps somewhat at random, about traditional Hindu religions and philosophy and modern reform movements, and continued his exploration of Mahatma Gandhi's ideas by reference to his many writings. The present discursive book is the account of what he has learned, thought, and felt. It is, as is always the case with Mr. Sheean's writings, brilliantly dyed with emotion, rich of phrase, flowing in style, constantly interesting. It has the wonder and devotion of the new convert, a sensitive and highly developed Western mind become aware of the achievements through the ages of the subtle and noble Hindu intellect.

It is not, however, a product of peace of mind or soul. Mr. Sheean's search is not finished; his is still an unhappy spirit. The calm of the teachers who phrased the "Upanishads" and the "Bhagavad Gita" continues to elude him; the self-assurance of his master Gandhi has not yet become his.

Though the major aim of this book is personal and inspirational, it has a secondary feature of imparting factual information. It contains a brief account of Gandhi's life and work, of which the central idea is that Gandhi's way to self-realization—perhaps we might say his way of salvation—was primarily through disciplined and directed Action—the other traditional Hindu ways are Knowledge, Devotion, Asceticism. Though Mr. Sheean adds little to what we can learn of Mahatma Gandhi's ideas in a number of other places, his account will doubtless reach many Americans not acquainted with any of the older works; in addition it gives us a record of Mr. Sheean's own interviews at the end of Gandhi's life. There is also a summary account of the nineteenth-century teacher Ramakrishna, one of the "madmen of God," and his favorite disciple Vivekananda. There are remarks or discourses on the monism of the sixth- and fifth-century B. C. "Upanishads" and of Shankara, the great eight-ninth-century A. D. philosopher, the qualified monism of Ramanuja, who preached in the twelfth century A. D., the institution of caste, and many other aspects of Hinduism.

The greater part of what Mr. Sheean sets down as fact is true, if not always exact. There are specific statements that cannot be substantiated, as when he says of the doctrine of rebirth, or transmigration, "From the earliest period known to us this has been the firm conviction of Hinduism." The idea, however, does not appear in the "Rig Veda," which is the oldest and holiest book of Hinduism. It hardly seems satisfactory in treating of Gandhi's "forerunners" to confine the account to personages of the nineteenth century and not to set him in the long line of spiritual and social reformers reaching back to the Buddha in the fifth century

Image and Idea

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B. C. It is questionable, too, that the Ramakrishna-Vivekananda movement of the past hundred years is as significant for India and Hinduism as Mr. Sheean seems to think—we are much too close to it to tell. These various illustrative exceptions are not meant to deny that his presentation has value; they are only to constitute a mild warning that readers in succumbing to his vigorous and graceful prose should not abrogate normal critical caution. He is so much oftener right than wrong, and so sympathetic and friendly to a great people and culture only now rising into the American view, that I for one hope his book will be widely read.

W. NORMAN BROWN

The Modern Writer

IMAGE AND IDEA. By Philip Rahv. New Directions. $3.

WHAT one admires most in Philip Rahv's essays is the determination to search among our modern cultural closures and total ideologies for "the cultural forms of dissidence and experiment." And what one admires about Rahv's critical method is his abundant ability to use such techniques as Marxism, Freudian psychology, anthropology, and existentialism toward his critical ends without shackling himself to any of them. Existentialism, for example, is not pressed upon the reader as a philosophy or as a mode of celebrating one's personal anguish but rather as a device for keeping relevant cultural questions open, on the analogy of Kierkegaard's observation that an open wound can sometimes be kept healthier than a closed one. The characteristic success of these essays is a success of reclamation: the appropriation toward humanist ends and by methodical means of the irrationality, apocalypticism, and chaos of the modern mind.

Mr. Rahv affirms that modern literature "bristles with anxiety and ideas of alienation," that its frequent informing image is the depersonalized, homeless man of the city, and that the proper task of modern creative writers has been to give the quality of "felt life" to the inner tensions and contradictions imposed by contemporary existence. He tends to regard the devices of the imaginative writer—naturalism, the subtle refinement of Joyce and Proust, the use of symbol and myth—as stratagems employed by the writer for circumventing his personal and cultural plight.

For the contemporary critic Mr. Rahv suggests an "*ideal aloofness* from abstract systems" and exhorts him to remember that in respect to metaphysics "the art-object is first to last the one certain datum at his disposal." This is a healthily pragmatic attitude, the more so because Rahv is on the whole anything but aloof from the moral and historical meanings of the art-object. Rahv is above all a political critic, in the sense that his criticism takes literature to be involved in the upshot of history and the practical transactions of men and public ideas. His skill in handling a complex criticism, which is only infrequently allowed to vanish away into the rigidities of a narrow technique, places these essays among the very best written by the leftist critics of the 1940's.

All Mr. Rahv's faculties are admirably engaged in the essays on Tolstoy and Dostoevski and in his extended comparison of Kafka's Joseph K. with Tolstoy's Ivan Ilyich. The intellectual limitations of American naturalist fiction to which the essay called The Cult of Experience in American Writing points could not be better observed. Notes on the Decline of Naturalism is a fine essay—with its admission of the "utter debility" of the naturalistic novel at present and with its reluctance to depart from the Jamesian principles of realism without which fiction cannot be fiction. Equally fine are some of the shorter pieces—on Virginia Woolf, Henry Miller, and Bernard De Voto.

All critics have their self-perpetuating weaknesses, and Rahv's weakness is characteristic of the leftist criticism of the last decade—a failure in moral perception. In speaking of Rahv's criticism one must immediately amend the charge to mean a failure in moral perception which is likely to appear wherever broad and crushingly effective historical actions are absent or submerged. It is this which accounts for his inability to

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cope with Hawthorne and for the shortcomings, far less notable, of his writing on James.

The error of the Hawthorne essay is that, failing his own ideal, Rahv does not examine the romances as "art-objects," which are, among other things, moral and cultural constructions. Seeing the romances only as documents of the author's "alienation," he describes Hawthorne's "dark ladies" as symbols of the dangerous seductions of "experience" by which Hawthorne was both fascinated and terrified. Thus the misery or death of these ladies is something the shocked and vindictive author himself inflicts on them, rather than, as Hawthorne doubtless supposed, the fate which issues for them out of their moral relationships with other characters. In dealing with Hawthorne and Melville, most of our leftist critics are still unable to move beyond the notorious distortions of Parrington. But, by default from his better self, Mr. Rahv points toward the difficult future task of developing techniques of criticism for the study of American literature comparable on the score of efficiency to those he now brings to European literature and to cultural matters generally.

Finally, it is largely on moral grounds that one wishes to question the symbolic formulation of American literature posed by "Image and Idea." The term "redskin" will do well enough for the super-plebeian realist and Americanist like Whitman. But are Hawthorne, Melville, and James "palefaces"—that is, puritanical, refined, estranged from experience? Perhaps, but that is not all they are. I offer to Mr. Rahv, for these last three authors, a third category, which ought to broaden the critical scope: the "half-breed," one image of whom appears in "The Ambassadors" as Waymarsh, a grand archetypal combination of Sitting Bull and—Henry James.

RICHARD CHASE

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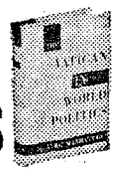

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Germany: Vengeance or Justice

THE HIGH COST OF VENGEANCE. By Freda Utley. Henry Regnery Company. $3.50.

LAST CALL FOR COMMON SENSE. By James P. Warburg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

IN VIEW of the fact that American power dominates world policy today every book which contributes to our understanding of the world upon which our power impinges is a valuable national asset. Miss Utley's volume is, perhaps, the more valuable because she takes in less territory and deals with one specific problem, that of Germany. American readers may be affronted by the description of our policy in Germany as one of "vengeance." Vengeance is an egoistic corruption of punitive justice. In so far as the world of nations is not organized it might be taken as an *a priori* proposition that any victor's peace is a vindictive one, since there are no juridical instruments in the world community high or broad enough to qualify the pride of victors and the injustice of absolute power, as it impinges upon weakness. Miss Utley's indictment of our German policy does not, however, depend upon a nice distinction between vengeance and justice. She merely proves that the peace we have forced on Germany is not adequate, whether it be judged in its economic or its political terms. Politically and juridically she challenges the justice of our denazification procedures and our war trials. Economically she challenges such policies as our dismantling of the industrial plants of Germany and the forceful deportation of over ten million eastern Germans into the present confines of the German state.

Perhaps she does not do justice to the perplexities which the victorious nations faced in the hour of victory. Any plan for denazification would, for instance, have been inadequate in a nation as deeply corrupted as Germany. Some plan had to be devised to separate the sheep from the goats. Yet no possible plan could deal adequately with the endless shades of complicity in guilt in which individuals become involved in collective evil. Yet a greater degree of humility would have saved us from some errors. We acknowledge, declared Mr. Churchill in the hour of triumph, no limit upon our power over the foe except that which is set by our own humanity. If that were enough, democratic government would not be necessary. Democracy rests upon the presupposition that rulers—any kind of rulers, even the best—do not have enough humanity to be just, if their power is not checked by something other than their own humanity. Unfortunately the Nazi disaster not only corrupted a whole nation but its destruction reduced the nation to such impotence that it invited a peace of vengeance merely by juxtaposing absolute weakness to absolute power.

Miss Utley does not always discriminate between the policies of the various nations which have each in their own way contributed to a vindictive peace. Nations like Czechoslovakia would re-

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ject the idea that their expulsion of the Sudeten Germans was vindictive. It seemed to them a necessary defensive measure against the disloyalty of these Germans. Nevertheless, the Czechs applied purely racial criteria in their expulsions. In any event the policy, together with the cession of eastern German provinces to Poland, has led to an intolerable situation. Even a prosperous Germany had to import food, paid for by the export of industrial products. Now western Germany alone has ten million more mouths to feed than before the war and yet faces almost insuperable obstacles in establishing foreign trade. Among these obstacles the dismantling of German industry is the most obvious. Originally we and the Russians were the primary culprits in the dismantling policy, the Morgenthau plan being our contribution to this essentially Russian program. Initially the British were shocked by the low level of steel production which we wanted to set for Germany. Since then matters have changed. Our financial responsibilities in Germany and our Marshall Plan have made us the advocates of a higher German production. The British on the other hand are tempted to lame German production because they fear its competitive threat upon the continent; and the French are obsessed with strategic considerations. They rightly recognize that every form of industrial production is potentially military; but they wrongly imagine that they can lame the industrial, and therefore the military, power of Germany without retarding the recovery of the whole of Europe. Our own nation is comparatively enlightened at the present time on this problem; but we are not too virtuous. We could for instance save three hundred of the nine hundred million dollars which Germany is costing us per year if we allowed the Germans to get their food exports from us in their own bottoms. But that would hurt our maritime interests; so nothing is done about it. Wherever one turns one finds that national self-interest makes disinterested justice impossible.

Miss Utley's indictment is vigorous and sweeping. It includes the analysis of almost every absurdity into which we have been betrayed, whether by the enormity of the Nazi crime, the impotence of a defeated nation, the pride of victors, or the cold war superimposed upon the liquidation of the previous war. It may not always fully reveal the complexities out of which these absurdities arose. But such is the natural pretension of victorious nations that it is quite salutary to let the indictment stand without too much qualification. We imagine ourselves a very virtuous nation. Let us recognize in their starkness the facts which prove how quickly virtue runs out in the hour of victory, when nothing but our own humanity limits our power. Such an indictment may purge our humanity of the inhumanity to which all nations are prone.

Mr. Warburg also deals with the problem of Germany; but he is primarily concerned with the total world situation. He has many wise and sobering things to say about the tragic state of the world, particularly about the fears of and obsessions with Russia which tend to rob us of our statesmanlike wisdom. Yet the "common sense" to which he admonishes our nation is curiously infected with wishful thinking, particularly the wishful thought that it would be nice if the conflict between Russia and the West were not quite as deep and tragic as it is. His own favorite formula for bridging the chasm is to create a world government. He does not expect Russia to join such a world government at the beginning. "Russia," he declares "can not possibly be expected to join a world government until it is evident that it is to her interest." This will be done when the world government which has been organized without Russia proves that it "truly stands over and above *all* the component states and is not merely an instrument of the most powerful." "If the United States pursued a wise and restrained policy within the federation, the day would eventually come when the Russian people would tire of guns instead of butter and when the Russian leadership would be forced to recognize that world government is not a sinister device of Western imperialism." The Russians would merely have to "abandon the attempt to foster world-wide Communist revolution" but not their belief in "Communist totalitarianism within."

The degree of wishful thinking in this panacea is fairly high. If this seems to be an unfair judgment it may avail to call attention to one logical and one political absurdity in it. The logical absurdity is to present world government as the basic solution for our problems and then maintain that this new structure does not solve the problem at all but may in fact aggravate it, if "the federation behaved according to the pattern of present American policy." If our salvation lies in a new structure it must be one which can in some measure guarantee the political policy required for world peace. Mr. Warburg envisages a new structure which evidently lacks potency, for he immediately

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warns us that we are powerful enough to misuse it, in which case "its creation would increase the tensions."

The political absurdity is to imagine that a federation of the whole non-Communist world would impress the Russians if it "truly stood over and above all the nation-states." Aside from the fact that it is not possible wholly to eliminate or to obscure the inequality of power between nations in a federation, a federation might reach the very perfection of brotherly love and still not impress the one nation outside it; and not impress the Russians even if they were not communists. Did the fact that New York had no undue hegemony among the Northern states overawe the seceding Southern states and beguile them from their rebellion? Political conflicts are unfortunately not composed so simply by this kind of legerdemain.

Mr. Warburg is a student of international affairs with immense good-will and a considerable degree of common sense. But he jumps the hurdles a little too easily. Even individuals are not quite as rational as he expects nations to be. He pays lip-service to the principle that "politics is the art of the possible." But this does not prevent him from coloring political realities with wishful fantasies. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

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Verse Chronicle

SO HERE are the "Complete Poems," to date, at least, of Robert Frost (Henry Holt, $6). With the volume in hand, knowing the poems, knowing also what one knows, or thinks one knows, or has heard about the poet aside from the poems, one hesitates to open the pages, indulging, first, in a little utterly idle speculation. What would have happened had Frost gone off on some road not taken? Suppose, for instance, he had spent his years of growth, or his artistic maturity, not in New England, nor old England, either, but Ireland or France, Paris or Dublin. Suppose he had had his native simile jarred, suppose he had knocked around in, and been knocked around by, the company of his peers, with a ribald Gogarty or a wild old wicked Yeats, a Verlaine, a Rimbaud, a Baudelaire, looking over his shoulder or arguing far into the night. Up to a point, I think, no one would want Frost different: it is when his paths diverge, and he chooses, not one of two ways, but two at once, that one regrets the split, the waste of energy, the element of denial.

Creatively, there are at least three Frosts—the actual artist, the legendary public character, posed and professed, and the latent, potential poet that might have been. The fellow in the middle, it must be said to his credit, has interfered very little with the first; he has, however, I think, considerably stunted the growth of the last. Everybody knows, and too many admire, this character, the local wiseacre, rural sage, town whittler, Will Rogers and Cal Coolidge combined, village idiot (in the Greek sense of the noun). To a sophisticated, Alexandrian, professional, academic, middle-class, urban audience, this version of pastoral has great appeal; we do not see too clearly how much it is of the bourgeois, by the bourgeois, for the bourgeois. This is the side of Frost that speaks for the first time, and for the first time with smugness, in the title poem of the collection called "New Hampshire," his fourth book and one which contains some of his finest work; it is occasionally heard thereafter, intermittently, the slightest soupçon, in "West-Running Brook," becomes a good deal more insistent in "A Further Range," culminating in the ugly editorials in "Steeple Bush," and the arch gerontic garrulities and mock sapience of the two masques. On this side of Frost it is not very pleasant to dwell.

As actual artist Frost has won double triumph, in fields which would seem to lie far enough apart so that a conqueror seldom invades both with success. There is the fine and beautiful lyric poetry—Reluctance in "A Boy's Will"; The Road Not Taken, The Sound of the Trees, in "Mountain Interval"; Fire and Ice, In a Disused Graveyard, Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, in "New Hampshire"; Bereft, Acquainted with the Night, in "West-Running Brook"; Come In, in "A Further Range"; A Nature Note, in "A Witness Tree"—these are not all, only the most conspicuous that can be cited.

What is not so often found in the lyric poet is the ability to turn outward, to manage the modes of speech as well as those of song, to be dramatic as well as personal, to get out of the self and into insight into the selves of others. No single adjective, like lyric, can be found to apply to this side of Frost's excellence—what shall we say, dramatic monologue, bucolic idyl, epyllion, to describe those somewhat longer poems of Frost's, so many of which are so good? The Death of the Hired Man, almost all the poems in "North of Boston" (one or two are flops, to be sure, for example A Hundred Collars, but there are interesting elements even in the unsuccessful items); Out, Out, and Snow, in "Mountain Interval," the first missing melodrama, perhaps, only by its terrible brevity and economy; The Witch of Coös in "New Hampshire"—what can be said about poems like these is that they stand with Chaucer's and Browning's, a little less in good cheer and gusto, and a little more in sensitive and reserved compassion. And the ear for speech as superlative as Lardner's.

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To have succeeded in two areas as diverse as these would seem to be almost enough for one man to have accomplished, and I was going to rest my case there, but I find, as I run through the pages, another kind of poem that I cannot resist delighting in and praising. That would be the kind of poem that uses, mainly, the cadence and line of the ones mentioned in the paragraph above, and devotes itself to observation, of nature, or occupation, with a little commentary, humorous, it may be, or semi-rueful: After Apple-Picking is a case in point, An Old Man's Winter Night, that wonderful accuracy of The Grindstone, A Hillside Thaw, The Runaway, the middle stanza of The White-Tailed Hornet. Some of the dogmatism in Two Tramps in Mud Time gets my back up, but who could resist:

Good blocks of oak it was I split,
As large around as the chopping-block;
And every piece I squarely hit
Fell splinterless as a cloven rock. . . .

The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
You know how it is with an April day
When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of May.

But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch
A wind comes off a frozen peak
And you're two months back in the middle of March

Well: and after all this, Frost being this good, how dare anyone be disappointed in him, or wish him to have been better? A fair question, however difficult, and deserving a serious answer. In a way the dissatisfaction is the compliment; Frost himself all through his work, more or less, offers clues as to the kind of thing he might have done, the line of a frightful and fascinating interest that he almost dared to follow. The road not taken. "Here error is all in the not done/all in the diffidence that faltered"—Frost states the case, for (and against) himself:

The bearer of evil tidings
When he was halfway there,
Remembered that evil tidings
Were a dangerous thing to bear

Frost has been halfway there, or farther, much more than once: as early as The Fear, in "North of Boston"; as late as The Subverted Flower, in "A Witness Tree"—and there are other poems which show where he has turned off the woodland trail, briefly, toward the heart of some deeper forest, jungle, sinister tarn—Fire and Ice, The Bonfire, The Lockless Door, Bereft, The Lovely Shall Be Choosers, with its cadences broken, out of dreams, and here and there very frightening, Desert Places, The Rabbit Hunter, The Night Light, Design. Reading such poems as these, one cannot escape the impression that they are much more truly the essence of the poet than the plain New Hampshire farmer is, or Meliboeus the potato man, or whoever; one wishes he had been a little less fearful of evil tidings, less scared of his own desert places. One wishes he had wasted less time being sane and wholesome, and gone really all out, farther than he did beyond the boundaries of New England's quaintness into its areas of violence, madness, murder, rape, and incest (for *New England's* read *humanity's*). "Any eye is an evil eye/that looks in on to a mood apart"; the heart of man is desperately wicked; I (read Everyman) am a villain. It is this night side of life and nature that Frost's art has, I think, scamped reporting, and not because he did not know it; no American poet in our time, no American poet, nor Poe in his stories, has come closer to Baudelaire.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

THE only critical writing about a theater art that is of the same kind, quality, and stature as Stark Young's is to be found in Edwin Denby's "Looking at the Dance" (Pellegrini and Cudahy, $4). Denby, like Young, begins with the eye for the particular medium; like Young he brings to bear on what he sees a mind rich in general culture; and like Young he formulates his perceptions with a literary artist's command of language—a poet's, to be more exact, which achieves precision and subtlety of statement in prose of limpid, luminous clarity, as against Young's complexity. One of the most beautiful of such formulations—elicited by some people's doubt that dancing can have the expressive power they concede to performance of music—is the deceptively casual statement that "to recognize poetic suggestion through dancing one has to be susceptible to poetic values and susceptible to dance values as well," which in reality is his formulation of the theme of the book. "Several dancers," he adds, "for example Miss Danilova and Miss Markova, are quite often able to give . . . the sense of an amplitude in meaning which is the token of emotion in art"; and throughout the book he is concerned with the dance values which in this way convey poetic values.

"When you watch ballet dancers dancing," is the way he begins the first essay; and in effect we are, as he continues, looking at those dancers through his eyes—which, as I said once in this column, is an excitingly illuminating experience (not, however, to John Martin, who cannot see even through Denby's eyes, and who condescended to the book with little snide thrusts in the *Times Book Review* recently). It is the dance medium that is illuminated in the early

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essays. After the first impact of the dancer's personal charm, "within single slow movements or within a sequence you enjoy seeing the continuity of impulse and the culmination of a phrase. Now you are not only watching a charming dancer, she is also showing you a dance. When she shows you a dance, she is showing how the steps are related, that they are coherent and make some sense. You can see that they make some sense in relation to the music or in relation to the story; and now and then the dancer shows you they make sense also as dance phrases purely and simply. You may notice that a dance phrase holds together by its rhythm in time (a rhythm related to that of music), as a sequence of long and short motions set off by a few accents. Again in other passages you may be most interested by the arrangements in space, motions that make up a rhythm of large and small, up and down, right and left, backward and forward. . . . But at still other moments you notice especially the changes in the dancer's energy, the dynamics of a sequence, which contrasts motion as taut or easy, active or passive, pressing or delaying, beginning or ending. Dynamics, space, and time—the dancer may call one or the other to your attention, but actually she keeps these three strands of interest going all the time, for they are simultaneously present in even the simplest dancing."

In this activity "it is variety of visual emphasis that we see when we feel variety of expression." The dancer can hurry or delay, can attack a movement sharply or mildly, can let it subside or stop it short. Most important, she "can emphasize a passage in the dance by emphasizing the shape her body takes in the air. When she does this . . . she defines her presence all around in every direction. At such moments she looks large, important, like a figure of imagination, like an ideal human being moving through the air at will."

And in this activity projection must be "a mild and steady force," since "the dancer who goes out to the audience with a bang cuts herself off from the rest of the stage action," whereas "the audience must be kept constantly aware of the complete action within the stage area, because the changes—and, therefore, the drama—of dancing are appreciated clearly in relation to that fixed three-dimensional frame. So the best dancers are careful to remain within what one may call the dance illusion, as an actor remains within the illusion of a dramatic action."

In later essays there is similar illuminating comment on particular dancers. "In all the severity of exact classicism Danilova's dancing rhythm fills the time quantities of the music to the full; it does not, like the rhythm of lesser dancers, jab at a stress and then drag for a moment till the music catches up. Stress and release in all their variety are all equally vivid, equally expressive to watch. And in watching her you feel, in the sustained flow of Danilova's rhythm, the alert vivacity of her personal dance imagination, the bite and grace of her feminine temperament and a human sincerity that makes an artist both unpretentious and great." Or "it is the quiet which [Markova] moves in, an instinct for the melody of movement as it deploys and subsides in the silence of time that is the most refined of rhythmic delights. The sense of serenity in animation she creates is as touching as that of a Mozart melody."

And on particular ballets. "You see as 'Apollo' proceeds how from a kind of pantomimic opening it becomes more and more a purely classic dance ballet. More and more it offers the eye an interplay of lines and rhythms, of changing architectural balances the edge of which becomes keener and keener. In this sense 'Apollo' conveys an image of increasing discipline, of increasing clarity of definition. It grows more and more civilized. But the rhythmic vitality of the dance, the abundance of vigor increases simultaneously, so that you feel as if the heightening of discipline led to a heightening of power, to a freer, bolder range of imagination. Since the piece is about the gods of poetry, and how they learned their art, it seems, too, to be describing concretely the development of the creative imagination."

Also there are essays on modern dancers, on dancers in exotic styles, on dancing in shows, on criticism, books, films, which similarly enrich one's experience and understanding, delight and refresh one's spirit, and warm one's heart.

Manny Farber's column on Films is unavoidably omitted from this issue. It will appear next week.

CONTRIBUTORS

W. NORMAN BROWN, professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania, is Chairman of the South Asia Regional Studies Department.

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Letters to the Editors

Birthday of a Democrat

Dear Sirs: In your issue of March 9, 1940, you published a letter of mine in honor of Dr. Theodor Barth, who from 1884 to 1907 was editor of *Die Nation,* at that time the counterpart in Germany of your outstanding journal. Barth, I wrote then, was "the most militant spokesman and writer for democracy imperial Germany ever knew." For thirty-five years he worked unceasingly to further liberalism in Germany—and in the world—as lawyer, bank commissioner, Reichstag member, editor, lecturer, delegate to the Interparliamentary Union, and participant in many other international movements, and for fifteen years as president of the German Association to Combat Anti-Semitism. In addition, he was acknowledged to be the best German authority on American affairs, and he made frequent trips to this country. He was a constant correspondent of Carl Schurz and Henry Villard, who surely do not have to be introduced to readers of *The Nation,* and a great admirer of William Lloyd Garrison.

This July 16 was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Barth. While we celebrate the occasion, perhaps we can also make some use of it. Today many Germans are coming to this country on study assignments to learn the ways of American democracy. I wonder if it would not be worth while for them to look up what Theodor Barth wrote about America. It might help them better to understand everything over here.

MARTIN M. FERBER

New York, July 17

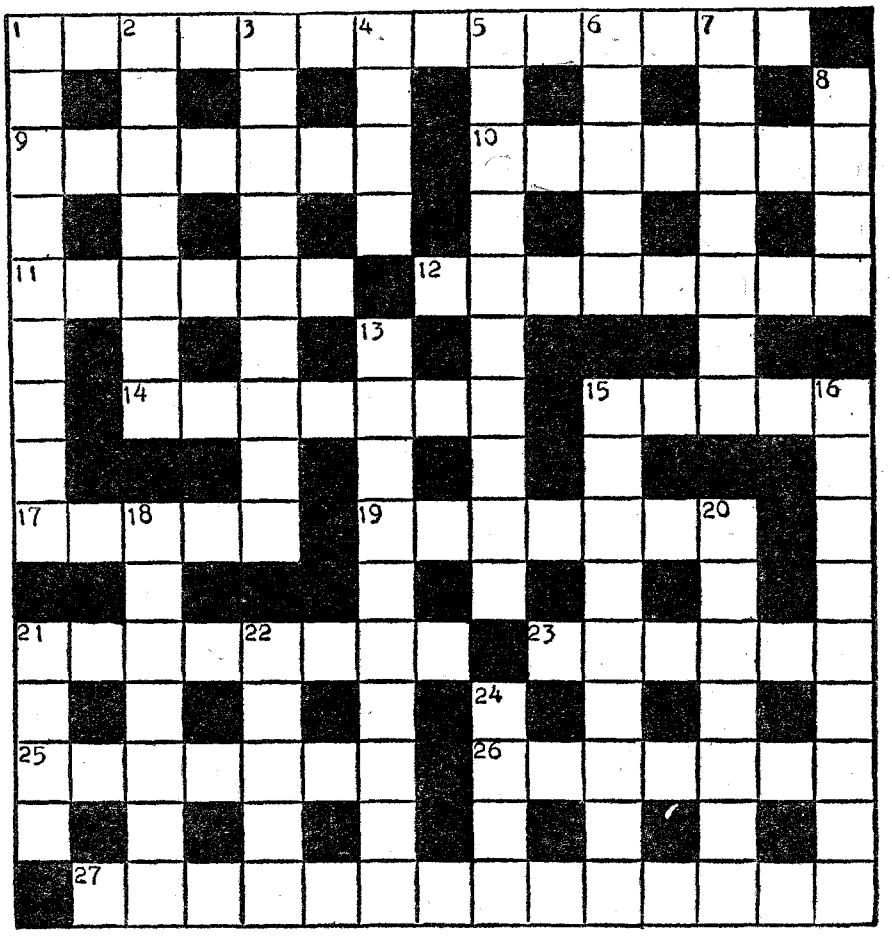
Horrors!

Dear Sirs: I feel I must call your attention to an error on page 4 of your issue of July 2. You have described Dr. Daniel L. Marsh as "president of Boston College." To an alumnus of Boston University, this is nothing short of an outrage! Boston College is a Roman Catholic (Jesuit) school, while Boston University, of which Dr. Marsh is president, is a Methodist school. Dr. Marsh himself is a minister of the Methodist church. . . .

This letter offers me the opportunity of congratulating you on your magazine. I read it with much interest every week

Crossword Puzzle No. 320

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 27. Not the notice in the papers that reads "Mary Doe having left my bed and board. . . ." (3, 11, 2, 12)
9 Prokofiev's love was for three. (7)
10 A man of letters who obviously represents more than mere Opportunity. (7)
11 Doctrine that sounds almost like what Eric the Red could have told his son. (6)
12 Indentations between periods. (8)
14 Jots on letters. (7)
15 See 18 down.
17 The way of flight. (5)
19 Ophelia was told to get to one. (7)
21 Supposed to be the answer. (8)
23 Stays in the little woods. (6)
25 Privateer. (7)
26 He was told there are more things in heaven. (7)
27 See 1 across.

DOWN

1 Old Death turns up with his handiwork and horns (slip, that is!). (9)
2 Indicative of the quality of brass. (7)
3 It turns white and stiffens. (9)
4 Not the first part of 24. (4)
5 Curbing with irons again? (10)
6 An unusual state, in one sense. (5)
7 With more concentration, one solution leads to another by means of this. (7)
8 Formic acid containers. (4)
13 Where you can still scan things without reaching the same sound conclusion. (5, 5)
15 Buck up, perhaps, and enter in; it might be recorded again. (9)
16 Why new 24's must be purchased, as well as where. (9)
18 and 15 across. It smells like a sort of stare, sort of! (5, 2, 5)
20 Animal found in a department of China, also in Central America. (7)
21 Ice-fairy? (4)
22 To instruct a retinue. (5)
24 An odd number of digits go into each. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 319

ACROSS:—1 and 14 GUGGENHEIM FOUNDATION; SKIP; 10 LANYARD; 11 UNNERVE; 12 SENTENCE; 13 ON CUE; 15 OASIS; 17 SCIENTIST; 19 NONPLUSED; 21 ERATO; 23 ALIBI; 24 BACKLASH; 27 ISHMAEL; 28 TABLEAU; 29 NODS; 30 FOURRAGERE.

DOWN:—1 GULP; 2 GANNETS; 3 EXACT; 4 HEDONISTS; 5 INURE; 7 KARACHI; 8 PREVENTION; 9 ANNOUNCE; 16 SULLIVAN; 18 INDICATOR; 20 NEIGHED; 22 AUSTERE; 24 BILBO; 25 LIBRA; 26 CURE.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

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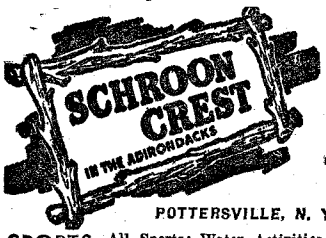

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PERSONAL

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and hope that you will continue printing a journal which supports our Constitution and the heritage we hold dear, both of which are in great danger.

CLAUDE R. HODGES

Brighton, Mass., July 6

The Worth of a State

Dear Sirs: John Stuart Mill, in his memorable "On Liberty," well described the eventual conclusions of pursuing a policy of suppression:

> The worth of a State in the long run is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a state which postpones the interests of their mental expansion and elevation to a little more of administrative skill, a state which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands, even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great things can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.

Perhaps contributions are in order to purchase copies of "On Liberty" for the members of the Un-American Activities Committee and all other would-be thought controllers.

SAMUEL LASNICK

Columbia, S. C., July 10

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Down with Farber!

Dear Sirs: May I dissent from the praise accorded Manny Farber, your movie critic, by another correspondent in your issue of June 11. To me, his essays seem egocentric, shot with inaccuracies, and very frequently anti-progressive. Apparently he is under some compulsion to be devastatingly iconoclastic at all costs.

So far he has virulently attacked the following directors: John Huston, Mark Robson, Robert Wise, Laurence Olivier, Robert Rossellini, and Marcel Pagnol. All these are men who have dared break out of cinema ruts, and at least five of them are definitely social-minded.

PAUL A. GARDNER

Ottawa, Canada, July 11

A Disavowal

Dear Sirs: Contrary to the statement on page 648 of the issue of *The Nation* of June 11, the Teachers Alliance is not and never has been a "Roman Catholic organization." Since its beginning in 1938 the Teachers Alliance of New York City, Inc., has never swerved from its stated policy:

The Teachers Alliance has been formed to allow teachers who are not satisfied with the practical workings of already existing general organizations to pursue common objectives in a manner appropriate to a responsible teaching profession. ... We propose to be, first of all, a professional organization appealing to all members of the school system. We conceive our business to be that of education and not class-conscious propaganda. ...

It has been our pleasure throughout the existence of our organization to have the various faiths represented in our membership and among our elected officers.

The Teachers Alliance urged that the ban on *The Nation* be continued because any literature which attacks the religious faiths of some of our pupils militates against our achievement of an important educational goal, "unity through understanding."

ELEANOR M. HARRINGTON, Chairman,
Executive Committee, Teachers Alliance
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New York, June 22

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THE VATICAN'S STAKE IN MINDSZENTY

By GAETANO SALVEMINI

Distinguished historian, author, and professor emeritus of Harvard University

PROFESSOR SALVEMINI reviews the case of Cardinal Mindszenty in the light of the traditional relations between the Roman Catholic hierarchy and secular courts of law. He compares the cases of Mindszenty, Father Tiso, and Archbishop Stepinac, examines the question of whether Mindszenty's conviction was based on religious or political grounds, and passes a liberal, non-Communist, non-Catholic judgment on the trial.

BRITAIN'S LAST EMPIRE

David C. Williams, director of the London bureau of the Union for Democratic Action, examines the "vast rural slum" of British Africa, sometimes called "the last line of defense of the disintegrating British Empire." The continent which was once believed to be an agricultural "treasure chest" has turned out, he shows, to be the stage for a "heart-breaking struggle against bush, drought, and stone-hard ground." Can Britain hold Africa? If not, who will take over —fascists, Communists, whites, or blacks? What is America's responsibility in the fate of this whole region?

AUSTRALIA—*For Whites Only*

Ernest O. Ames, free-lance writer from California who has just completed a trip "down under," points out that for fifty years Australia has kept the "Asian hordes" from its shores by restrictive immigration policies—and still does, despite a campaign to boost the nation's population from 7,500,000 to 20,000,000 in the next two decades. Mr. Ames tells what the other peoples of Asia and many Australians think of this "lock-out," and assays the prospects of its lifting.

HONGKONG SITS TIGHT

Andrew Roth, The Nation's wide-ranging correspondent in Asia, will report on what's happening in busy, prosperous Hongkong, "entrepôt" of China, as the Communist flood comes closer. Could the British hold the city? When will the Communists choose to smash this "window on China"? The answers to these and other questions are given in this timely article.

COMING IN EARLY ISSUES OF

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